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Saturday Review

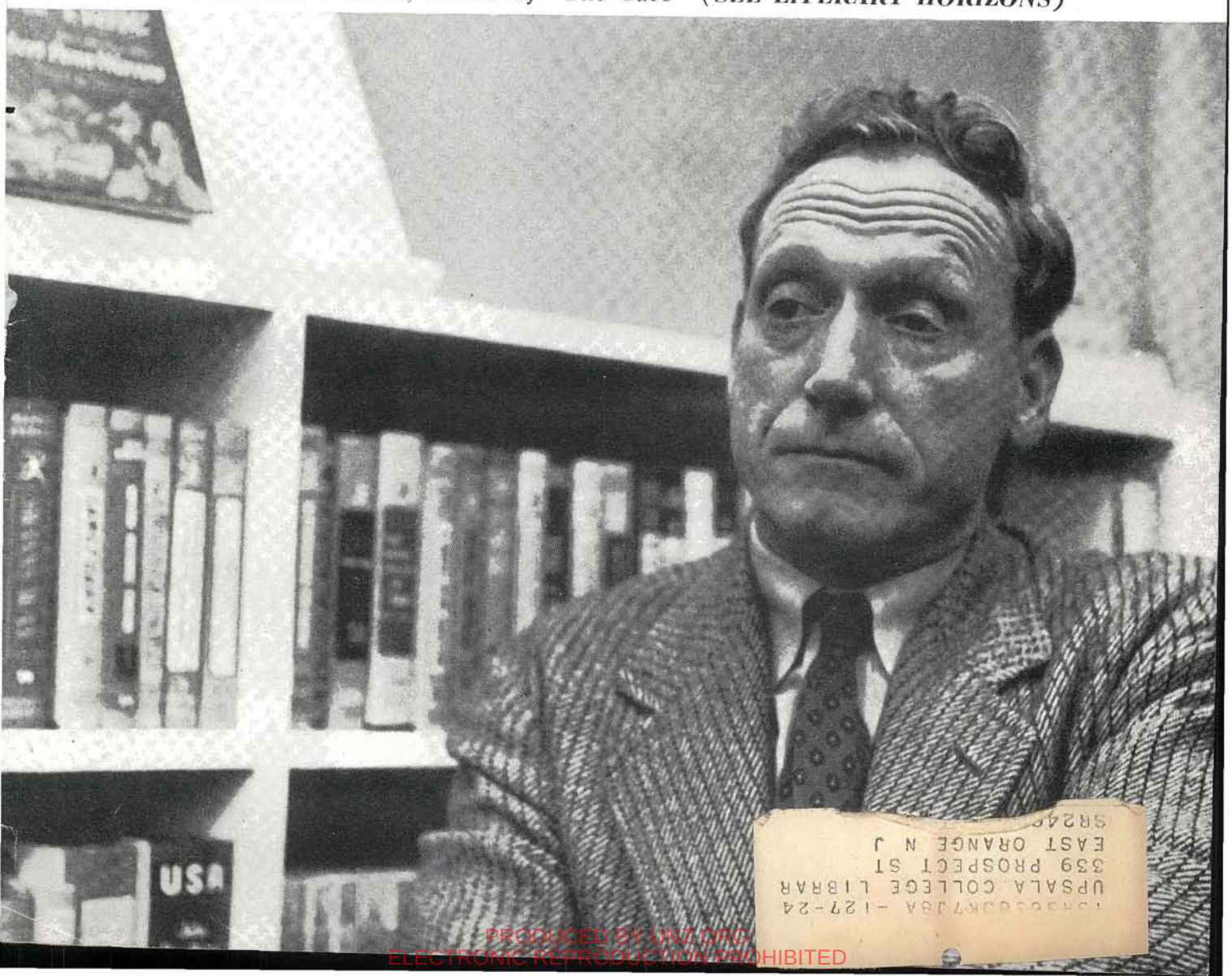
AUGUST 22, 1959 / 25¢

A RETURN TO HEROIC MAN, by Maxine Greene

I'D RATHER BE A GYPSY, by Ben Lucien Burman

F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Flappers and Philosophers," reviewed by Budd Schulberg

Robert Penn Warren, author of "The Cave" *(SEE LITERARY HORIZONS)*



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ANNOUNCING *SR's* SEVENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO THE ORIENT**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

PLUS 20 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 9, 1960, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. The Grand Prize winner in color will be reproduced on the cover of the January 9th issue, while the Grand Prize winner in black-and-white will be featured prominently in the Calendar itself.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1959.

SR'S 1958 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

S. Elmer Chambers of Syracuse, New York, 1958 winner of the grand prize for color. His atmospheric shot of the Cape of Good Hope won for Mr. Chambers a round-trip to Tokyo.

Lowell B. Weeks of Long Beach, California, 1958 winner of the grand prize for black-and-white. Mr. Weeks won a round-trip to Paris with his street scene taken in San Miguel Allende, Mexico.

PHOTO AWARDS →

Saturday Review
25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. *Anyone is eligible except employees of* Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1958, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted, preferably in cardboard.

b. Color prints are eligible.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white pictures and/or six color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1959, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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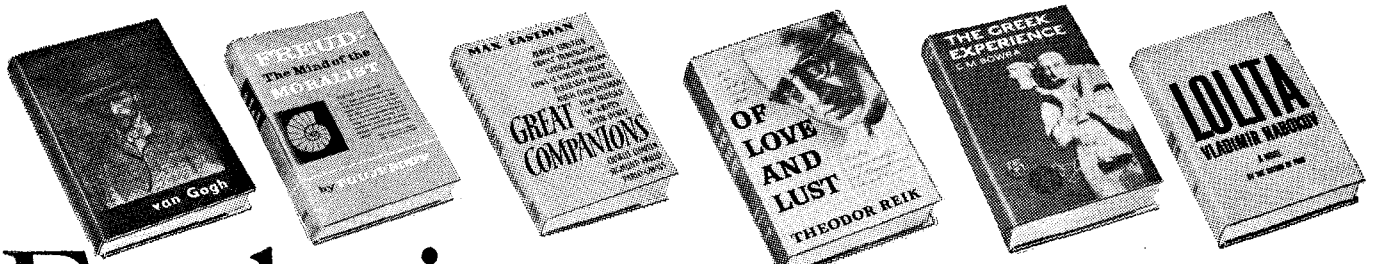

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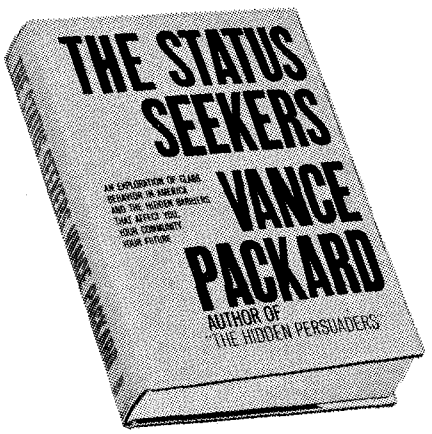

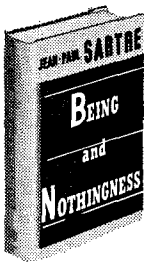

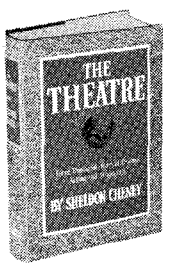

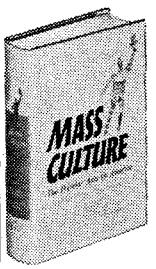

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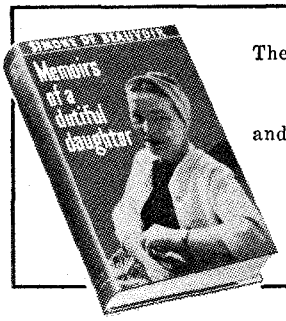

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As the author, Edward Weyer, Jr., an explorer and editor of *Natural History* magazine says, "To survive, a society need not be perfect; it must only be better than its competitors."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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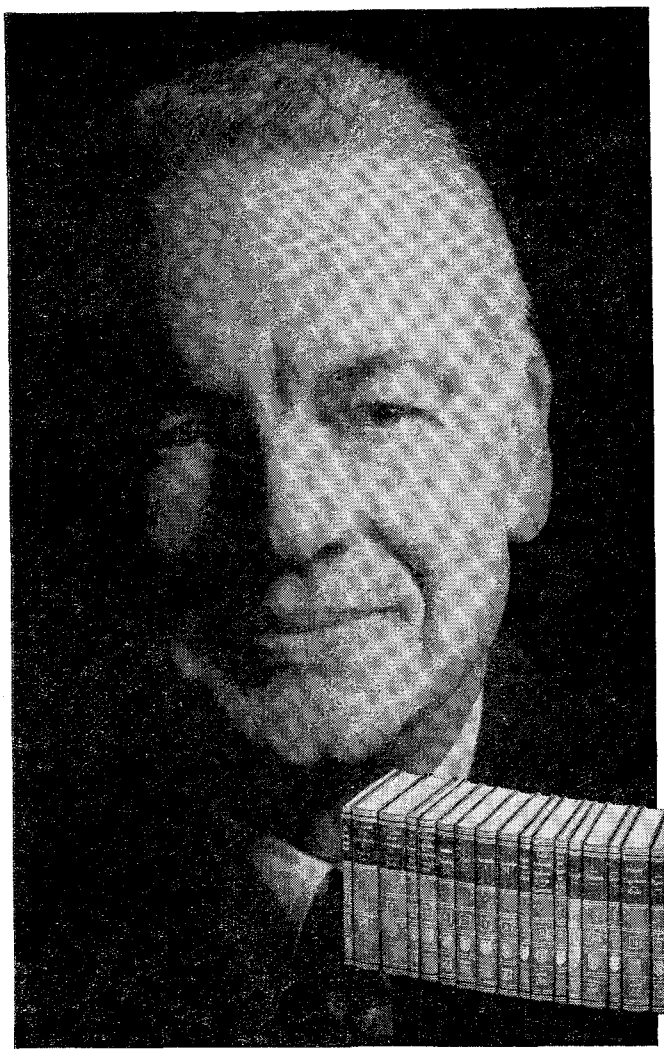

How long has it been since your mind was stretched by a new idea?

A challenging statement by Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins

"Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: 'A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions.' The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

"Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty —whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

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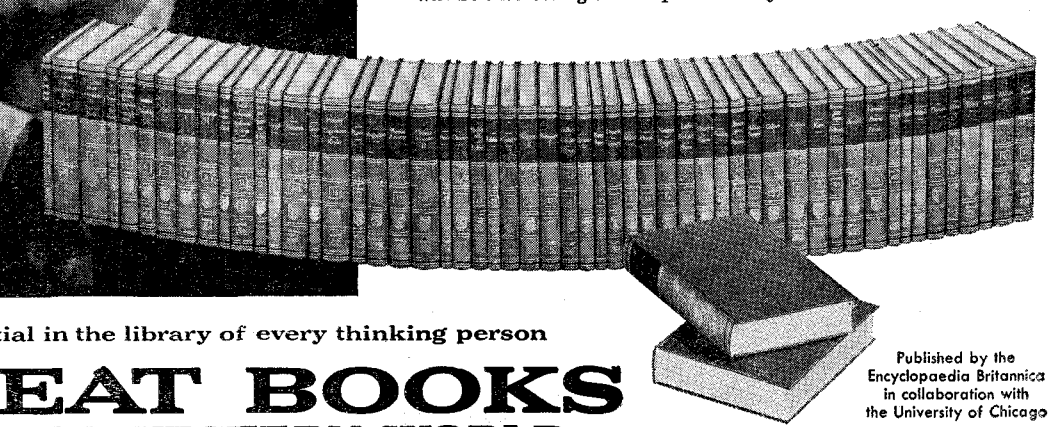

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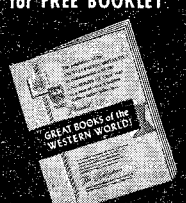

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TRADE Winds

EVAN HUNTER WRITES a lot of books under names like Ed McBain, Richard Marsten, Hunt Collins, and others. Most of them are mysteries, with the 87th Precinct series (McBain) the best known. In fact, there's a rumor that he finished up a Craig Rice whodunit after she left one in the works at her death a few years ago. He does a McBain novel in a month. Right now he is writing them out of order, for some reason. That is, he is working on one where a character is dead. Next he will do a sequel in which the character hasn't been killed yet.

"This is against my principles," he told me, "and I do it only because of deadline necessities. It is too confusing. Not for me, but for the publishers."

THE LATEST BOOK using his square monicker is "A Matter of Conviction," in which Hunter uses Spanish Harlem as the scene of action. The chances are that this, like two of his other books, will be made into a motion picture. One of these was, of course, "The Blackboard Jungle," and at the present, Hollywood, with the services of Kim Novak, is busily grinding out "Strangers When We Meet."

Hunter usually goes upstairs at ten in the morning and writes till four, with time out for lunch. But when I saw him he was toying with a ham sandwich (on white) and complaining good-naturedly.

"I haven't written a word in the last three weeks," he said.

"Why?"

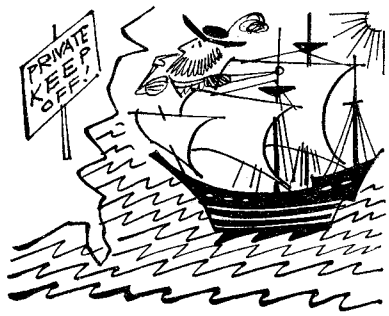
"Because I have to keep coming into the city to talk to guys like you. I have to go around plugging a book I wrote a year ago. I don't like to see what's happening to me. I get on a radio or television interview and when the conversation strays I hear a click in my head and something tells me, 'Take it back to Evan Hunter and the book.' There's something undignified about an author having to present himself as a character or a personality to sell his book.

"The average writer isn't a witty talker or a performer or a comedian, and if the publishers would get out of their creaky darn shell and learn how to sell books, then the author wouldn't have to."

They took away the sandwich and brought him some vanilla ice cream. He ate it and then disappeared to take a nap before reporting for a radio interview.

IF ANY EXPLORERS landed on our shores today, the way they did several hundred years ago, they'd have a difficult time making their way inland. It's private property. Almost every attractive seashore area on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts has been taken for private or commercial development, according to the National Geographic Society.

The spectacularly beautiful Pacific shoreline of the United States stretches 1,700 miles from Mexico to Canada. In a recent survey, the National Park Service found that 1,448 miles of it are privately owned and not available for public recreation. Only 240 miles of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts—3,700 miles long—are owned by the people as a whole. More than half of that 240 miles is in three places: Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Area (North Carolina), the Acadia (Maine), and Everglades (Florida) National Parks.



Fortunately, the property lines stop at the high water mark. Once you're in the water it's all yours—and the jellyfishes' and the planktons'.

EVERETTE EDGAR SENTMAN, editor in chief of United Educators, was caught in the bright sun the other day and came up with these book titles, which he declares have been in great demand for young people's summer reading:

"Peter Rabbit in the Hollow Nose Cone"

"Little Goody Earth Pads"

"Snow White and the Seven Drags"

"Alice in Squaresville"

"Tom Swift and the Antimaterialists"

"Lady Loverly's Chatter"

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A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD named Stuart Mitchner has just had his first novel published by Crowell, "Let Me Be Awake." He wrote this in his room at home in Bloomington, where his father is an English professor at the University of Indiana and his mother is the promotion director of the Indiana University Press.

Stuart has been working in this room since he was a freshman in high school. His parents were usually torn

between two decisions: let the kid stay in his room and write, write, write, or drag him out of there and have him do the dishes or the lawn as any normal, growing boy. They vacillated here and there, but now that he's been published, I believe they knock on his door before they enter.

I don't mean to say he isn't a normal, growing boy. He dates girls, listens to jazz, goes to the movies, and all that. But he does all this in a clinical way, because he's thinking of the next book a good deal of the time. His grandmother, in Kansas, wishes he would forget it. After she had read an advance copy of "Let Me Be Awake," she wrote a strong note of protest to the publishers, calling it "an unrefreshing piece of fiction." She also requested Crowell to do away with a list she had earlier sent them, which contained the addresses of some people to whom she thought she wanted to send complimentary copies.

Fortunately the book is selling well in Bloomington, among other places, where the local folks are vainly trying to identify various fictional characters in it.

See what can happen when a fellow shuts himself up in a room with a typewriter?

IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, Jean Moyer was browsing through an 1855 issue of *Putnam's Monthly* (she is slightly behind in her magazine reading) and found this gossipy item:

"Mr. Longfellow, who, as all his friends know, is a most diligent worker and an assiduous student, has ransacked the pages of Schoolcraft, and weighed Indian words, and now after two years comparatively barren (for it must be owned that the fugitive pieces which he has published since the appearance of the Golden Legend

POVERTY CAN BE FUN

It is no disgrace to be poor. It is an error, but it is no disgrace.

So if your purse is empty, do not skulk and brood and hide your head in shame. Stand tall. Admit your poverty. Admit it freely and frankly and all kinds of good things will happen to you. Take, for instance, the case of Blossom Sigafoos.

Blossom, an impecunious freshman at an Eastern girls college, was smart as a whip, and round as a dumpling, and scarcely a day went by when she didn't get invited to a party weekend at one of the nearby mens schools. But Blossom never accepted. She did not have the rail fare; she did not have the clothes. Weekend after weekend, while her classmates went frolicking, Blossom sat alone, saved from utter dispair only by her pack of Marlboros, for even an exchequer as slim as Blossom's can afford the joys of Marlboro—joys far beyond their paltry price: rich, mellow tobaccos, lovingly cured and carefully packed; a new improved filter that works like a charm. Croesus himself could not buy a better cigarette!

However, Marlboro's most passionate admirers—among whose number I am paid to count myself—would not claim that Marlboro can entirely replace love and romance, and Blossom grew steadily moroser.

Then one day came a phone call from an intelligent sophomore named Tom O'Shanter at a nearby mens college. "Blossom," said Tom, "I want you to come down next week for the barley festival, and I won't take no for an answer."

"No," said Blossom.

"Foolish girl," said Tom gently. "I know why you refuse me. It is because you are poor, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Blossom.

"I will send you a railroad ticket," said Tom. "Also a small salami in case you get hungry on the train."

"But I have nothing to wear," said Blossom.

Tom replied, "I'll send you one suit of cashmere, two gowns of lace, three slacks of velvet, four shoes of calf, five socks of nylons, and a partridge in a pear tree."

"That is most kind," said Blossom, "but I fear I cannot dance and enjoy myself while back home my poor lame brother Tiny Tim lies abed."

"Send him to Mayo Brothers and put it on my tab," said Tom.

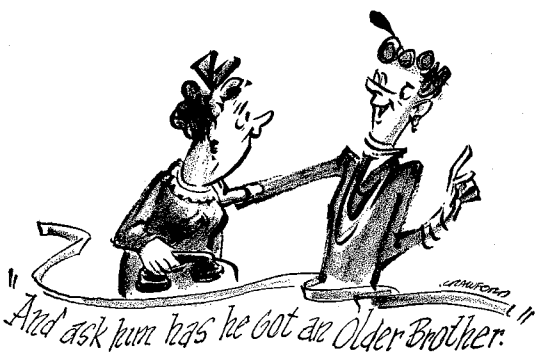
"You are terribly decent," said Blossom, "but I cannot come to your party because all the other girls at the party will be from rich, distinguished families and my father is but a humble woodcutter."

"I will buy him Yosemite," said Tom.

"You have a great heart," said Blossom. "Hold the phone while I ask our wise and kindly old Dean of Women whether it is proper for me to accept all these gifts."

She went forthwith and asked the Dean of Women, and the Dean of Women laid her wise and kindly old hand on Blossom's cheek and said, "Child, let not false pride rob you of happiness. Accept these gifts from Tom."

"Lord love you, Wise and Kindly,"



breathed Blossom, dropping grateful tears into the Dean's reticule. "I must run and tell Tom."

"Yes, run, child," said the Dean, a smile wrinkling her wise and kindly old eyes. "*And ask him has he got an older brother.*"

* * *

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The makers of filter-tip Marlboro, who bring you this column, are also the makers of non-filter Philip Morris, who also bring you this column. Whichever you choose, you're right.

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have hardly done much to enhance his fame), he comes to us again with a poem of three hundred pages entitled, 'The Song of Hiawatha.'

" 'The Song of Hiawatha.' And, pray, who was Hiawatha?"

FROM CALIFORNIA, Warren Brown reports to me about the state of affairs. A story editor for M-G-M, he is currently on the coast covering for some vacationing colleagues, and staying at the Beverly Wilshire. When he unpacked, he opened the medicine chest to put away his tooth paste or something and found a cardboard container with a slot in it. Above the slot is printed:

"Deposit Used Razor Blades Here." Below the slot: "See America First."

ALSO FROM HOLLYWOOD, Sidney Skolsky has announced that the most famous screen lines of all time are the following. Maybe you can identify them:

"Come up and see me some time."

"Beulah, peel me a grape."

"Put your lips together and just blow."

"Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn."

"Mr. Christian, come here!"

"Me Tarzan—you Jane."

I HAVE JUST TALKED with Eugene Vale, playwright and screenwriter, whose "The Thirteenth Apostle" (Scribner's) has been praised so highly. Vale has written about sixty TV dramas, and a number of plays of his have been produced here and in Europe. His first major credit was a collaboration with Thornton Wilder on "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and he is now engaged in doing the screenplay for the 20th Century Fox motion picture based on the life of St. Francis.

These and many other accomplishments were made at various times in his career, taking as much time and effort as necessary in each case. But the idea for "The Thirteenth Apostle" came to Vale twenty years ago, and he considers that it has taken him that long to do the novel. He made notes and wrote fragments throughout this time, taking four years to complete it after the final concept had crystallized in his mind.

"The longer you spend on something, the longer it lasts," is Eugene Vale's theory. "Today writers have given up trying to assimilate the world's point of view. Instead they have cultivated little patches of existence, when today there is more to be said than ever before. Our time understands itself less than in any other period of history, because we are progressing too rapidly. Yet never before has there been a greater need for writers to explore the changed and changing conditions of our human situation; never has there been a greater opportunity to advance into untouched fields."

In "The Thirteenth Apostle," Vale makes a beautiful attempt to do that. This is one book I don't believe any reader will ever forget.

VALE, WHO HAS traveled a good deal in his forty-two years, laughed when he told me how formal the border officials are in European countries. Inspecting his passport, they invariably address him as "Monsieur Vale," or "Herr Vale" or "Señor," with his name usually pronounced according to the accents of the nation, and perhaps with a slight bow. When he hit the States on his latest trip, he says, "I knew I was home."

The Customs man went through his passport, slapped it into his hand and smilingly said, "Okay, you're all set, Gene."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Virginia Scott Miner informs me that you have to be either somebody or nobody to dress like just anybody.

► In Houston, the new Weingarten supermarket has a Kiddie Cartoon Theater where shoppers may leave small fry for forty-five minutes.

► The manufacturers of Trig, the man's deodorant, have taken this tack: "For men who work hard, play hard, and live big."

► Sex, says Milton Mayer, is the opposite of the weather which, as you know, everybody talks about but nobody does anything about.

► An inebriated man in a Manhattan bar was in a mean mood the other night. He shouted, "I hate everybody in the place—regardless of race, creed or color!"

► When Mickey Rooney, who had already been married four times, recently got hitched again, the *New York Daily News* headlined it: "Half-Pint Takes a Fifth."

► Is it true that when you wake up an Englishman in the middle of the night he talks like we do?

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

"Next door, damn it!"

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1325)

Alice (Clear) Matthews:
TO A CHILD AWAY

What do you miss, away from us awhile?
Your blue-rimmed plate . . .
Your lazy cat that's dozing in the sun? . . .
When you return, taller and tanned . . . you'll put
Into my hand the precious driftwood bird.
I'll hear your gladness to be home again
Without the sound of uttered word.

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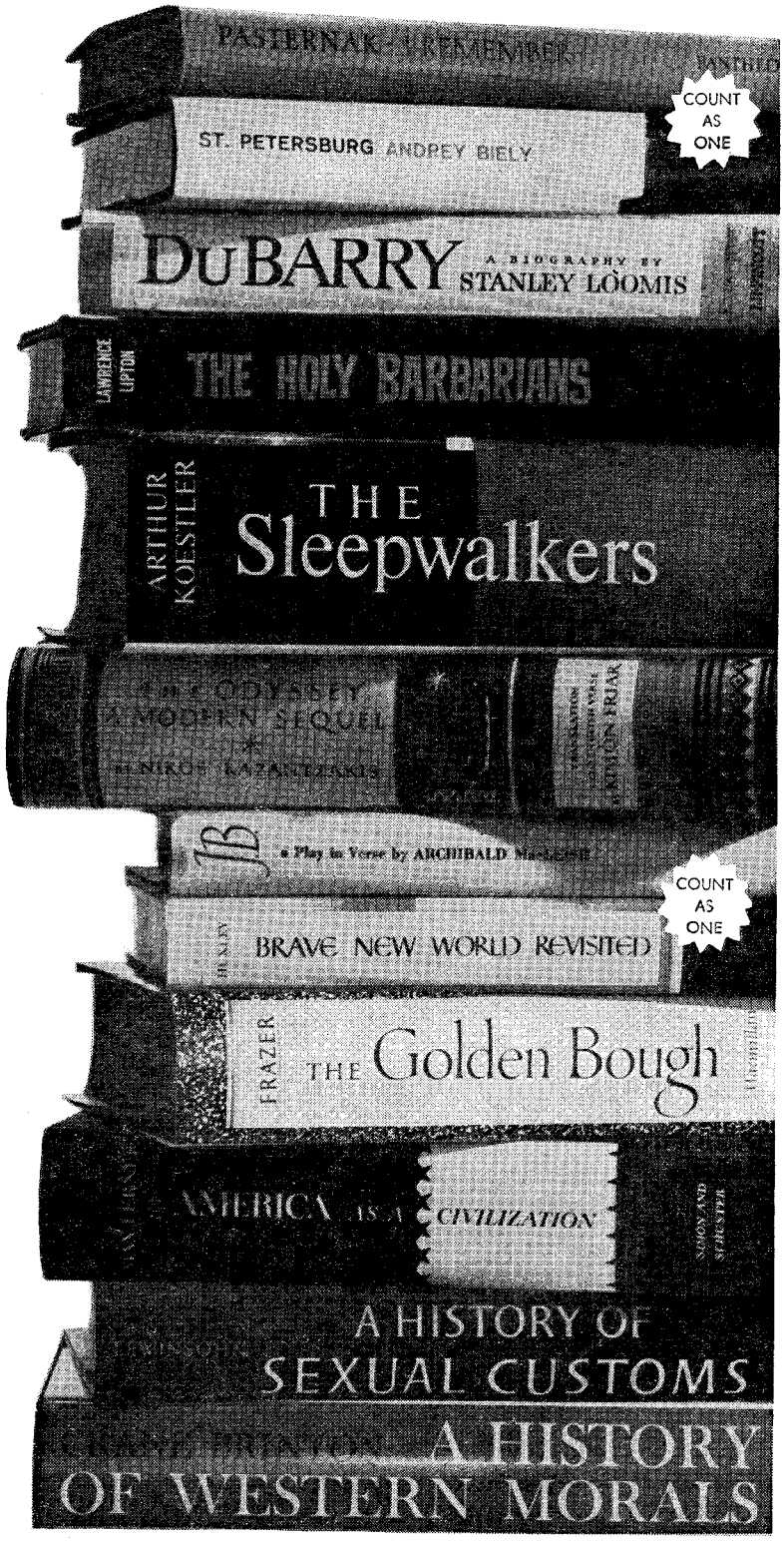
SELECTIONS



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☐ **The Holy Barbarians.** By Lawrence Lipton. *Pub. at $5.00.* **Member's price $3.50.**

☐ **Du Barry.** By Stanley Loomis. *Pub. at $6.00.* **Member's price $3.95.**

☐ **The Sleepwalkers.** By Arthur Koestler. *Pub. at $6.75.* **Member's price $4.50.**

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☐ **The Golden Bough.** Sir James Frazer's classic—*edited by Sir James himself. Pub. at $3.95.* **Member's price $3.25.**

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 22, 1959

A RETURN TO HEROIC MAN

By MAXINE GREENE, *who, as an assistant professor at New York University, has devoted study to the philosophical trends in literature. Dr. Greene teaches in the English and the Philosophy Departments of the university.*

WE ARE faced today with a Hobson's choice where the image of man is concerned. On one hand, we are presented with a victim of organization—a pathetic-apathetic, adjusted fool. On the other, we are given an "outsider"—a "Dharma bum," an angry, beat, or unadjusted philosopher-king. Both contraries are entirely unheroic. We are forced, if we accept them, to lament the fall of modern man.

But must we lament? Must we resign ourselves to the idea that belief in human dignity is incompatible with scientific knowledge? Must we give up our faith in man's worth because of the condition of the world?

Many will assert glumly that we must. They will insist that science forces us to realize that we are but incidents in the life of the universe, that our works are of no moment, that we are but specks of dust. They will inform us that this "factual" insight works with collectivization and automation to negate our significance, conclusively to deny our worth. Moreover, they will point to our art forms, to our literature, to document what they say. They will contrast a Picasso to a Titian to prove the diminution of man.

More commonly, our literature will be compared with the works of a prouder past. New use will be made of the notion of the "tragic fallacy"—the idea that tragedy in the Greek sense was built on premises irrelevant and unacceptable in the present day. In other words, it will be said repeatedly that modern man has no grounds for conceiving himself as meaningful in any cosmic sense, as did the naïve Greeks, and that, in consequence, man has dwindled in the universal scene. Can the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit be compared with Orestes? Can Marjorie Morningstar reach Medea's heights?

This is the argument implicit in many proclamations of despair, but it is a specious one. What it actually says is that modern man *chooses* to conceive himself differently than did the Greeks, or that he seems to make that choice in certain of his works of literature. And, once again, this is used to demonstrate the objective decline of man.

A counter claim, however, can be made and proudly made. There is evidence in much of our recent literature that the tragic insight is being reborn and redefined. Writers like Joyce, Hemingway, Mann, and Camus have chosen to conceive man tragically and, at once, in modern terms. Their doing so suggests, in the first place, that the tragic insight *can* be reconciled with what is scientifically known. In the second place, their choice suggests new grounds for belief in the ineluctable dignity of man.

The "old" grounds, now fallen away, may be described as the Enlightenment conception of human worth. This was the idea that developed during the eighteenth century Age of Reason: the idea that the universe was rational and benevolent, that the worth of man was given, legislated by means of "natural law." An extremely useful notion, it nurtured the growth of democracy as no concept had done before. It implied, of course, that all men possessed an inherent worth and, being worthy, deserved regard and respect. Creative, inspiring as it was, however, the idea was founded on an indefensible premise: that human dignity, a value, had an independent, objective existence as part of the structure of the universe.

AS time went on, and as it became more and more difficult to conceive the universe as altogether knowable, rational, and just, man's faith in himself and his status was bound to decline. Nineteenth century natural and social science, the work of Darwin, Huxley, Marx, and the rest, afflicted human beings with the awareness that they were prey to all kinds of dark, irrational forces over which they had no control. Economic and social cross-currents buffeted man; hidden biological forces shaped his career on earth.

The reaction of many people was to submit to a grim determinism, to the belief that the individual was only a puppet, the creature of complex, potent energies that he could not possibly control. The response can be found most poignantly expressed

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in literature, particularly the literature of the late nineteenth century.

We have only to look at the work of naturalist novelists like Emile Zola to see what happened to the conviction of man's autonomy and dignity. His Gervaise and Nana, his entire family of Rougon-Macquarts, were victims—passive, plastic products of hereditary and environmental forces they could do nothing about and, what's worse, could not conceive. Theodore Dreiser, in the twentieth century, wrote a novel in the same tradition, a novel ironically named "An American Tragedy." It was actually a negation of tragedy and capped a series of novels describing people thrust by blind forces into defeat, without knowing what was happening to them. And Zola and Dreiser were only two of a large company of determinists writing in the Western world.

Now and then, in the very heart of the determinist point of view, there was a break, a gesture towards human dignity. Joseph Conrad, who once wrote that the proper wisdom was to "will what the gods will," wrote a novel called "Lord Jim." The hero of that book, although doomed by a fatal flaw within him, at least conceived an ideal image of himself as man. Henry Fleming, in Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," was buffeted by the giant forces of armies at war but won his badge of courage in spite of himself and rose to meet its challenge at the end. Somerset Maugham's Philip Carey, in "Of Human Bondage," having decided that life had no meaning, was able to conceive a pattern nonetheless, to recognize that man can at least choose the strands that make up the design of his own particular life, insignificant as that life might be.

These were the small anticipations of a new imaging of man some decades later. They were the staking out of certain centers of indeterminacy in the dark universe whose energies, in so many ways, belittled and controlled man's life. As the twentieth century advanced, more and more artists, probing into the nature of the impinging forces, began to conceive the human being anew. There was a felt and urgent necessity, it appears, to picture the individual in his uniqueness and power in the new world described by the sciences, to refuse to give in to determinism, even the newly revealed determinism of the unconscious—to reconstitute the dignity of man. It was at this juncture, it seems to me, that the tragic insight was regained.

Why the tragic insight? What did the twentieth-century world have in common with the world of the fifth century before the birth of Christ?

The cosmos conceived by the Greeks is often thought of by modern men as entirely rational, ordered, bathed in sunlight, and open to the reasoning mind. In fact, however, the Greek conception was of a universe that was mysterious and, in many respects, incomprehensible. A "logos," a law, might rule, but men were driven by unseen forces they could not predict or control, anymore than we can in the present day. It is of little importance that these forces were symbolized by the Olympian gods; they were dark, inscrutably whimsical, indifferent to human need. We have only to think of the drama, "Oedipus Rex," to recall the equivocal warnings given by the oracle. What matter if the oracle spoke in the name of the sun god? Her prophesies were as veiled, as secret as the night.

THE Greeks knew that suffering was ineradicable; that innocent men too often died unfairly; that passion could run rampant and destroy. They knew, too, that although these events were part of the nature of things, man ought to take responsibility for his frailties and defeats. They did not take refuge in humility or in dreams of another, compensating world. They did not root their ideals in a cosmos that was reasonable and just. They recognized injustice, even irrationality, and they challenged them symbolically, by means of tragedy; they created an image of man standing up against the sky.

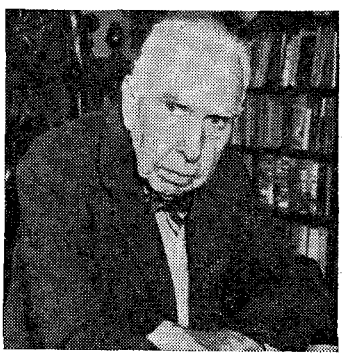
Because they lived in a pre-democratic time and because theirs was a society founded on slave-holding, they could not choose the ordinary man as hero. They had to select the exceptional human being as somehow representative of man; their hero was the uniquely worthy individual, the individual of ungovernable pride. It was his pride, in fact, that rendered him a hero, pride that overthrew him in the end. But only such a man, an individual of ineffable dignity, would feel *good* enough to challenge the dark forces that prevailed.

It was important that he did so, because he stood up for his people in a moment of despair. Oedipus, for example, launched his quest for the hidden truth because there was a plague in Thebes, not so his soul would be saved. Having dared to define his high and fateful purpose, he had to accept whatever the quest would bring. He had to because he had chosen himself; and he could not, when he saw he had passed the point of no return, escape the agony of seeing himself exposed. He went

(*Continued on page* 35)

—*Culver Service.*

Emile Zola—His Rougon-Macquarts were victims.

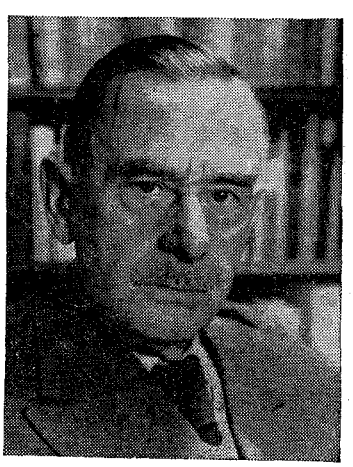


—*Wide World.*

Theodore Dreiser—"An American Tragedy": a negation of tragedy.

—*Random House.*

James Joyce—Charted course toward modern conception of man.



—*Thea Goldmann.*

Thomas Mann—His "man" had to master the great contradictions.

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I'D RATHER BE A GYPSY

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN, *who has wandered the world as a writer. The following article, as well as his forthcoming book, "The Street of the Laughing Camel" (McGraw-Hill), reflect his tendency towards the gypsy's life.*

SOME writers want a beautiful house in Connecticut. I prefer being a gypsy.

Sometimes I think **I will** settle down and choose the house. I know this would be much more sensible, with **all a home's** stability and comfort. But I am like one of those dogs you see riding in an automobile with their heads blissfully thrust outside the car window. I am happiest when I feel the wind in my hair.

I admit there are disadvantages in constant journeying. It is inconvenient to have my wife break a tooth on a train somewhere between Tangiers and Casablanca and be compelled to stop for repairs at a village dentist whose chief claim to his profession is a golden molar three feet high hung before his door. But the benefits more than compensate. All that the open road asks of its disciples is open eyes and open ears; in return it gives a never ending parade of sights and sounds to warm and delight the soul.

I know of nothing more pleasant for a gypsy of a bookish disposition than observing the way literature and writers are regarded in the different countries where he wanders. I was in Paris not long ago on a ramshackle bus bound for a village up the Seine Valley. We were still in the suburbs, and the bus had stopped for a traffic light when a huge garbage truck drew alongside. The day was hot and the bus windows were wide open. The garbage man at the back of the truck, a brawny individual in a striped T-shirt, looked into the bus cheerfully. On the seat behind me was a pompous Frenchman reading one of the latest novels.

The garbage man poked his head inside the bus a few inches from my fellow passenger. "How do you like the book?" he asked.

The pompous traveler gave the garbage man a quick, disapproving glance, drew himself up stiffly, and then pretended to lose himself in his reading.

The garbage man was not so easily discouraged. "How do you like the book?" he repeated. "I read it. I thought it was a lousy book and a lousy author. How do you like it?"

The pompous Frenchman gave him an icy stare.

The garbage man's jovial face reddened with indignation. "So you won't talk to me, Monsieur," he said with heavy sarcasm. "You're too haughty to discuss literature with me. A little present for you, Monsieur." And as the traffic light changed from red to green, he tossed some garbage into the other's lap, and sailed triumphantly away.

A WANDERING novelist has one marked advantage over his more stable colleagues. If in a city the neighbor of a stationary writer acquires a noisy record-player or breaks forth in a series of ribald parties that last far into the night, the unfortunate author must either plead humbly for mercy or call the police. The wandering scribe, like the shantyboater on the Mississippi, simply cuts loose from his moorings and moves to a different neighborhood or town. Though at times he may find that instead of a loud record-player he has acquired something more alarming.

To get away from the clatter of large cities we had journeyed to Mazatlan on the West Coast of Mexico and were staying in a pleasant and very modern hotel when one day in the patio I saw a sight which made me freeze with horror. Near the wall a huge boa-constrictor perhaps twenty feet long was crawling through the shrubbery; beside it was a second boa, only a scant five feet shorter than the first.

Recovering from my paralyzing shock, I dashed to the hotel office. "Bring a gun at once!" I panted. "There are two enormous boa constrictors in the patio!"

The fat clerk at the desk shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't understand, señor!" I said breathlessly, knowing that his lack of knowledge of English was only equalled by my Spanish. "In the patio! Two snakes! Immense! Serpentes! Call the police!"

"Ah, serpientes," he said, and smiled an all-embracing smile that expressed a love of all humanity and the animal world as well. "Do not be alarmed by the serpientes, señor. These serpientes, they are brothers. They work here in the hotel."

"They work here?" I repeated weakly.

His face shone with the all-embracing smile again. "Si, señor. These serpientes are employes of the hotel. They catch the rats."

Two weeks later we were kept awake all night by a mouse racing around our bedroom. My wife spoke of it to our maid Carlotta in the morning.

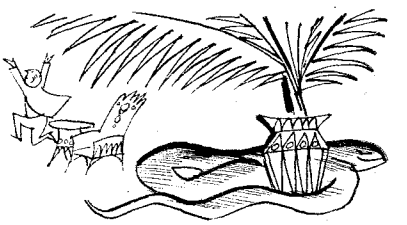
Carlotta started for the door. "I will go at once and bring the boa-constrictor," she declared.

Both my wife and I made violent protests.

Carlotta looked surprised. "Oh, not the big twenty-foot one, señora," she said. "Just his smaller brother, the one that is only fifteen feet."

We kept the mouse.

Sometimes the problems are even more complicated than boa-constrictors. We were living once at Marrakeesh in Morocco, with our household in charge of our Arab cook Zahoura, to whom both my wife and I were devoted. There is a sect of Arabs called the Aisawa, a fanatic group given to eating deadly scorpions, glass, and ten-penny nails in their frenzies. They are looked down upon by the other Mohammedans, much in the same way that we regard the Holy Rollers. To my horror one day I discovered that our beloved Zahoura was a member of the Aisawa.



She had been suffering badly from rheumatism, she told me, and hearing that the marabou, the holy man of the Aisawa, possessed great medical powers, had gone to him and asked relief. He promised to cure her, but in return demanded that she join

(*Continued on page* 34)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Melodrama with Meaning

By Granville Hicks

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S **"The Cave"** (Random House, $4.95) is that rare thing, a continuously exciting novel. Sustained excitement is not the greatest of literary virtues, and it should be said at the outset that the book has other and more important qualities, but what hits the reader first and hardest is the pace of the story, the tempestuous speed of the telling. There is nowhere a point at which one can willingly put the book down.

The pace is the more extraordinary because the story is not told in a straightforward fashion. It opens with a pair of boots and a guitar standing in a glade. Into the glade come a boy and a girl, and they are about to make love when the girl, after a cryptic remark, starts running. One hundred and fifty pages further on we find out for certain why. In the meantime we have met the book's principal characters, and not merely met them but been plunged into their lives.

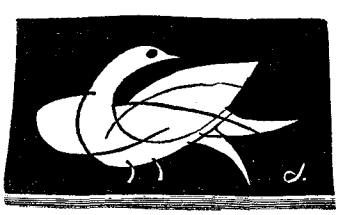
Warren's narrative skill is such that the reader becomes absorbed in each new character in turn and forgets all the questions that have been left unanswered. In due time the answers are given and the situation is defined. The boots and the guitar were left in the glade, near the mouth of a cave, by Jasper Harrick, and the girl, who is Jo-Lea Bingham, runs for help because she suddenly realizes that he would not have left them there overnight unless he was trapped in the cave. Monty, the boy with Jo-Lea, is Jasper's younger brother, and their father is Old Jack Harrick, "old heller of high coves and hoot-owl hollows," now dying of cancer. Jasper had been planning to exploit the cave in partnership with Isaac Sumpter, and we have Isaac's story and the story of his father, the Reverend MacCarland Sumpter. Then there is Mr. Bingham, Jo-Lea's father, who is Johntown's banker, and there is Nick Pappy, proprietor of a restaurant. All of these characters are indispensable to the development of the story, and one realizes on looking back that, while his narrative has been racing ahead, Warren has been doing a magnificent job of exposition.

Once Jo-Lea has told her piece of news to Old Jack Harrick, attention concentrates on the rescue operations, although Warren continues to move from one point of view to another. Crowds gather near the cave's entrance, and Nick Pappy, spurred on by Isaac Sumpter, who has plans of his own, sells food to the multitude. Isaac's opportunities come by way of press, radio, and television, and he becomes interpreter to the nation of a drama in which he has cast himself in the role of hero. Isaac's deceptions and their consequences carry the reader through complication after complication to the novel's climax.

"The Cave," I am confident, will be popular, and its popularity will disturb certain students of contemporary literature as the popularity of Warren's earlier novels has done. Warren's right to be regarded as a highbrow is indisputable: he is a formidable and influential critic; he has won general recognition as a poet; he has taught at some of our best institutions. Moreover, from the point of view of either structure or style, his novels could serve as texts in writing courses. Yet these same novels have had large numbers of readers, and not through any of the accidents that sometimes create best sellers but because they are deliberately designed to seize upon and hold the interest of the general reader. Since what is intended to interest the general reader is not ordinarily of the highest quality, Warren has understandably fallen under suspicion.

Even the most skeptical of his critics, I suppose, would agree that Warren's fundamental intentions as a novelist are completely serious. He simply tries, as nineteenth-century novelists commonly tried and twentieth-century novelists commonly don't try, to entertain the reader who is looking merely for entertainment and at the same time to reward one who is willing to make some effort of intellect and imagination. The question is whether, in his desire to provide entertainment, he allows himself to fall short of his highest possibilities.

The careful reader of "The Cave" will answer the question in the negative but only after he has given it some thought. The pace is so swift,



and one's interest in what is going to happen next—what is going to happen to Jasper, to Isaac Sumpter, to Jo-Lea, to Nick Pappy, to Monty—is so intense that for many pages the book seems to be no more than an absorbing diversion. But in the end one realizes not only that Warren has something to say but also that he has found the best way of saying it.

It is the ordinarily not very perceptive Mr. Bingham who reflects, almost in the same thought, on "the outrage of life" and "the pathos of life." Warren uses as epigraph a passage from Plato's "The Republic," an allusion to the famous image of the cave in which men are imprisoned so that they see only shadows, never realities. Only one of Warren's characters is literally imprisoned in a cave, and he is the one whose mind we are never allowed to enter. But the others, who work or don't work, who pray or don't pray, for his release, are prisoners in Plato's meaning.

What happens to Jasper Harrick's body, or to any other of the bodies that figure in the story, turns out not to be very important. Behind the melodrama of the flesh goes on a drama of the spirit, and the true climax comes, after the announcement of Jasper's death and after the saturnalia that follows the announcement, in a quiet conversation between the two old men, Mac Sumpter and Jack Harrick. The book finds its center in the relations between these men and their sons, who are both trapped, one literally and one figuratively, and both doomed. When we understand what Sumpter has done, and done in vain, for his son and what Harrick has not been able to do for his, we realize that the novel's major theme is the problem that has preoccupied Warren from "Night Rider" on, the problem of guilt. A secondary theme is the problem of identity: each of the characters is forced to ask the question that Amantha Starr asks in "Band of Angels": "Who am I?" And even Banker Bingham and Nick Pappy, men not much given to introspection, have a glimmering of an answer.

The truth is that this is the way Warren writes and we had better make the most of it. He tells a story, and the story is fascinating in its own right, but it is not for the story's sake that he tells it. All his skill as a storyteller—his mastery of narrative form, his wonderfully racy style—serves his real purpose. He is concerned with the deepest realities of the human spirit, and if it is true that a thoughtless reader could get a kick out of the book without ever grasping its basic nature, it is also true that Warren rewards the reader who is willing to stretch his mind.

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These for the Love of Zelda

"Flappers and Philosophers," by F. Scott Fitzgerald *(Scribners. 189 pp. $2.95), written at the dawn of the 1920s and long out of print, is the author's first collection of short stories. Budd Schulberg, whose novel "The Disenchanted" is based on Fitzgerald's life, worked with him in Hollywood during the Thirties.*

By Budd Schulberg

IS IT because we are still too close to him? Is it because he was, and wasn't, and was again, suddenly but surely everybody's darling? Or is it because he is simply great, and greatness from Stendhal to Melville to O'Neill must have its downs and ups?

Whatever the answers, F. Scott Fitzgerald looms as a tantalizing, perplexing, harrowing figure to hold up to the cruel, hard light or the loving, soft light of literary criticism. One reason is that he positively refuses to remain artistically and decently bound between the covers of his books. He keeps popping out as man or as myth. He insists upon being a symbol of an age, not because we sentimentalists, looking for the easy answer, see him as the glad boy, coming in on the crest of the flaming, narcissistic Twenties and going down in the burned-out Thirties. There was a side of him, not his best side perhaps, that also saw it this way. And seeing it, drew on it, used it, made it—his inevitable triumph—a more creative artistic plan than it ever should have been. You see, we are dealing with a man who pushed his talent into genius. And his genius?—oh, he pushed it far, but not quite far enough, like the six-mile runner who runs himself out of air and sanity after four and a half miles and falls terribly to the track.

Now we are getting involved in Fitzgerald's own life again. Every good writer's life is unhappily involved in his books, but Fitzgerald wore his heart on his page, sometimes artfully, sometimes so damned naked that it is difficult even for ardent admirers to know if the work is as fine as they think, or only as revealing as they fear.

But come, boy, don't jazz us around with man, myth, and artist. What about this book, "Flappers and Philosophers," you claim to be reviewing?

F. Scott Fitzgerald—"Wore his heart on his page."

Let us get this part over with quickly, because it is relatively unimportant (or from the opposite end of the Fitzgerald spectrum, relatively important). Alas, it's still a poor show of a book. It is the worst book Fitzgerald ever wrote or put together. It was published in 1920, in the first year of Fitzgerald's published life, thrown together to cash in on the fantastic, mythological, sing-along-with-me success of his novel, "This Side of Paradise."

IT IS a curiosity, and a museum piece, and a significant signpost, and an entertainment (as Fitzgerald himself disparaged it), "for people who want to fritter away twenty minutes in a dentist's office." It is full of compromise and the urgent gifts that were to buckle under and then resist that compromise. It is full of Fitzgerald at twenty-one or twenty-two, the all-American boy from St. Paul, hungry not so much to have money for the crass smell and the feel of it, but to be able to offer his girl the grace, the size, the mobility, the romance, that only money seemed able to provide.

If Zelda Fitzgerald had been a beatnik and not a Southern aristocrat madcap bourgeois, would his problems have been solved? No, because Fitzgerald himself was caught in the American tug of war in which he was his own rope, on which he had the old-fashioned American stretch and the rare artistic gift to be able to pull from both ends. It is because he is his own contradiction that he is so American; it is because he was so talented-to-genius that we love him and pity him and identify with him, and respect him as one of the three naturals of the Twenties, and one of the five great American writers of our century. That this reviewer considers him the greatest American writer of the Twentieth century is a crotchety opinion, a minor version of O'Hara's conclusion that Hemingway is the greatest writer in the English language since Shakespeare. But crotchety (or porcupine) opinions must be acknowledged, for they are profoundly felt and can be profoundly argued.

Since this review, like life itself, need be short, let us touch off as quickly as we can the contradictions that give intensity and promise to the eight clever, immature, who-will-buy-my-violets of this talented, curious, little book. 1) Fitzgerald wrote it for money; 2) but he drew on his most intense personal experience (his youthful anxiety about his reckless and cautious fiancée) to power most of the stories in it. Or reverse: 1) He put into these stories, taste, phrasing, and feeling and a marvelous eye-and-ear that seemed wasted on a *Saturday Evening Post* audience in the early Twenties, yet, 2) was careful not to probe too far below the surface so as not to make these epidermis readers uncomfortable. You see, he needed the money. He wanted the girl. But the poor suitor couldn't help himself. He was one of the rare, true writers. And frequently, in "The Cut-Glass Bowl," and at the end of that mood story, "The Ice Palace," you catch fascinating glimpses of the Fitzgerald that was soon to be.

Each one of his four short-story collections, from this one in 1920 to "Taps at Reveille" in 1935, got better. As a telling measuring stick, these stories by a starstruck callow boy belong in your collection of the works of the interrupted master, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

A SHIMMER OF SHELLEY: To the surprise of no one who has read his earlier novels about the Empress Josephine, Queen Elizabeth, and Mary of Scotland, F. W. Kenyon again shows very considerable skill in bringing to life those men and women about whom he has decided to write. But in **"The Golden Years"** (Crowell, $3.95), "based on the life and loves of Percy Bysshe Shelley," there is some question whether his flair for vividness is matched by complete accuracy, either in the area of interpretation or, more important, of fact.

Disappointing as it may be to those who are enraptured by the shimmer and the ethereal idealism of Shelleyean poetry and who expect a poet

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to be of the same fabric as his writings, there is no doubt that the life of Percy Bysshe and the lives of those who impinged on it, were not without their tawdry side. Although capable of wistful and boyish charm, Shelley himself had many of the irritating qualities that come naturally to one who believed that he would "crush Intolerance" and remake the world. Harriet, his first wife, was vapid, but also somewhat the same kind of social climber her publican father was. Mary Godwin, the daughter of a famous reformer, could not "take it"—nor could her father—when she tried to live out his ideas. As for Claire Claremont, Lord Byron—although who was he to do it?—quite properly referred to her as "a damn bitch."

But even at that, it is still hard to believe these people were quite the beatniks that Mr. Kenyon makes them out, and it is also certain that as the author sprawls from one disorderly episode to another, nowhere does he integrate the Bohemianism of his principal character into the personality of one who, in a single prose phrase, could evoke the whole Italian *campagna*, as well as write some of the most beautiful and profound lyrics. Shelley, after all, was a great poet, but nowhere is this really apparent—and that has to be scored against the book.

—Thomas C. Chubb.

Spirit under Surgery

***"The Same Door," by John Updike** (Knopf. 242 pp. $3.75), is a collection of pieces which our reviewer calls "still-lifes with people." A. C. Spectorsky, the author of "The Exurbanites," relates Mr. Updike's prose to* The New Yorker*'s literary genre.*

By A. C. Spectorsky

AN EXCITING brilliance pervades the sixteen pieces which make up this book. All may be praised in superlatives without fear of fatuity. John Updike is a poet; his prose is lean and lapidary—in some cases almost engineered, like a fine, jeweled watch. Its unfragile delicacy is exactly what is needed to convey his insights whole, as in a picture or poem. The abused term "artistry" may be here correctly applied.

The title of the book derives from the superstition that one should enter and leave a house by the same door. It fits this book fairly literally in that

(*Continued on page* 31)

Book in the News

Yaël Dayan with her father, ex-Chief of Staff of Israeli's army, Moshe Dayan.

FIFTY-MILLION girls in Asia, Europe, and both Americas would probably have been happy a year ago to settle for being just like Yaël Dayan: nineteen, sulkily attractive, fresh out of female officers' training school as a lieutenant in the Army of Israel, with a tantalizing curl to her upper lip, a string of ardent male admirers, all doors in her country open to her and best of all, with the most glamorous father imaginable—handsome, forty-three-year-old General Moshe Dayan, the Conquerer of Sinai.

But not Yaël (pronounced YAH-el), the spittin' image of her daddy in bluntness, impatience, and daredevil courage, as well as good looks. Fed to the teeth with being the General's daughter, she has written a first novel in English all about it. The book's clear intention is to set up its author as an "important person" on her own little hook—and perhaps subconsciously even to revise the General's rank to that of a dashing daughter's father.

Already published with lusty acclaim and sales in England and France, **"New Face in the Mirror"** (World, $3) is also being released in German and Dutch, serialized around the Continent, rewritten for possible movie production, and debated back home in Hebrew translation as a politico-literary *scandale* of near-Biblical dimension and wrath.

According to report, Yaël furiously and successfully protested one publisher's attempt to designate her work an "autobiography" on the jacket rather than a "novel." The facts are that Yaël's fictional father is just an "area commander," not an ex-Chief of Staff; he does *not* wear the gallant black patch over the left eye which the true-life Dayan lost leading a Free French sortie into Vichy-held Syria in World War II; all the boy friends have contrived names; a wise, all-forgiving, middle-aged "friend" who teaches the heroine how to grow up is artfully disguised as an Israeli Foreign Ministry type. Otherwise the story seems as autobiographical as a high-school yearbook.

Actually, heroine Ariel (Hebrew for "gazelle") Ron emerges in the end transfigured from an Angry Young Woman into a "new face," blazing with tenderness for all hands and a passionate patriotism. This would appear to cancel all cause for complaint in Israel. The outcry there, however, has been poked up by what precedes the transformation: Ariel's contempt for Army regulations, purposes, and nonentities as a private in boot camp and later at officers' school; her sullen revolt against being a serial number; her obsession with becoming "a person in my own right, independent of family and environment." Such impulses propel Ariel into mean little love affairs with two brothers simultaneously, and other dubious enterprises, as well as pitiless portraits of her mother and father. For most of the book, to tell the truth, she behaves like a minor monster.

Many Israelis apparently feel this is improper conduct for a novel by the daughter of a national hero, particularly one who is widely expected some day to become their Prime Minister. They would have preferred a little more Zionism in the junior Dayan's first book, perhaps a girlish try at an epic about her tiny homeland's very real triumphs and sorrows, but certainly not a Sagan-like chronicle of anti-parental grievances, Dennis-the-Menace antics, and glandular compulsions. At any rate, the Israeli Army has reportedly declined to cooperate in the book's filming.

Elsewhere abroad, critics have fired extravagant salutes to the author's genius and to her capacity for stirring trouble. One French reviewer predicts enthusiastically that the book will "jeopardize her father's career"—a judgment which badly underrates Israel's capacity for common sense. Others have been hotly denying Yaël's obvious resemblance to Mlle. Sagan and comparing her instead to no less than de Vigny or Stendhal. The sober textual evidence, however, suggests only that Miss Dayan writes competently about remembered emotions and intensely familiar experiences. In a closing letter of love from Ariel to her family—the whole book is essentially a love letter from Yaël to herself—there is even a touch of poetry.

Meanwhile Israeli-born Yaël has been robustly fighting off her native assailants—"They blame my heroine for not being a nationalist, but I wrote a love story"—and enjoying the European fruits of her new fame. Recent dispatches cite her as flouncing away from Cannes, characteristically disemboweling a film festival there as "a huge cake sumptuous outside but rotten inside . . ."

—Hal Lehrman.

Mr. Lehrman, author, lecturer, and foreign correspondent, frequently visits and reports on the Middle East.

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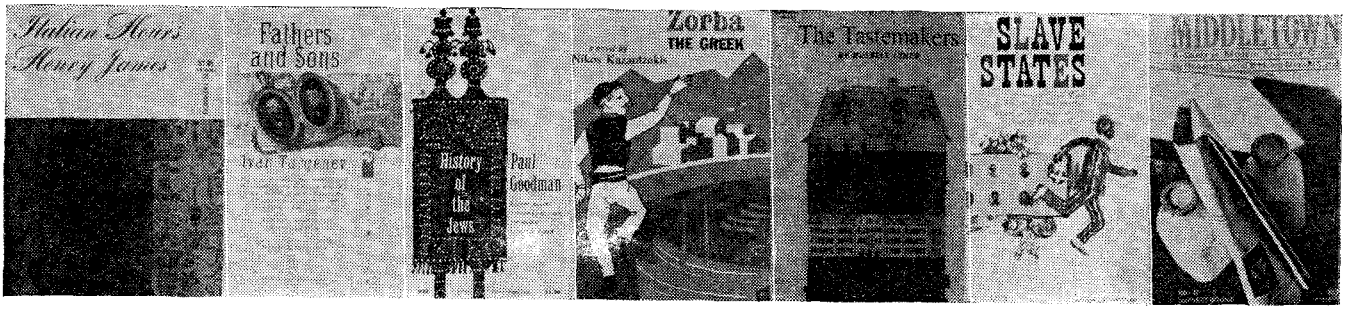

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

OUR PAPERBACKS GO TO RUSSIA: Among the gayest attractions at the American National Exhibition in Moscow is a colorful kiosk, like a great Christmas tree, burgeoning with paperbacks. From titles suggested by all the major paperback publishers, 1,000 books were selected by a committee formed of the American Book Publishers Council, the Combined Book Exhibit, and the Textbook Publishers Institute. Wisely, they foresaw the popularity of the exhibit and six copies of each book were provided. An effort was made to represent the wide range of books that are available in inexpensive editions. The works of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, great favorites in the USSR, were amply supplied, but the selection group also made a special attempt to show the Russians that U.S. readers have a prodigious assortment from which to select the best of European literature.

THE RUSSIANS COME HERE: The renewed interest in Russian culture will be handsomely answered this fall by American publishers of paperbacks. Many books, long out of print or never before in English translation, will soon appear. Dutton's Everyman will introduce Eugene Zamiatkin, whose Utopian novel, "We," has for its hero a rebel named D-503, who learns that even the State's "numbers" have souls. The well-known psychiatrist Gregory Zilboorg, who met Zamiatkin during the Thirties, translated this pre-"1984" work. . . . Alexei Pisemsky was a popular Russian writer of the last century and a friend of Turgenev and Goncharov (or is that Oblomov?). His novel, "One Thousand Souls," which Evergreen will publish next month, is the first of his works to appear in English. . . . Maxim Gorky, when he wasn't writing grim dramas of lower-class life, spent a good deal of time talking to the Muscovy literati. He recalls these companionable days in Compass's "The River: Reminiscences of Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Andreyev." . . . And if you missed *Noonday Review 1* with the short Pasternak novel, "The Last Summer," Avon is publishing it as a book, along with fragments from an unpublished novel that reportedly served as spadework for "Dr. Zhivago."

SOUND INVESTMENT: One of the sturdiest guarantees around accompanies a little book called "Guide to Natural Bowling," in which *Sports Illustrated*'s bowling editor, Victor Kalman, and some three dozen practiced experts, offer tips on improving your score. The publishers, Permabooks, promise to return the price of the book if, after three months of practicing what the book preaches, the bowler's score is not raised by twenty pins. And, the publishers add discreetly, no questions asked.

FOR THE PENNY-MINDED, the wide-scale program of publishing paperback art books at budget prices will be good news. In September, George Braziller and Pocket Books will inaugurate the Great American Artist Series with six volumes, judiciously sampling both traditional and new. Ryder, Eakins, Homer, De Kooning, Pollock, Davis make up the first list. . . . Both William De Kooning and Stuart Davis will be represented again in Evergreen Gallery Books, a new series devoted to contemporary painters and sculptors. Others to be included in this promising program are Dubuffet, De Stael, and Zao-Wou-ki. . . . Crown, who only now and again publishes paperbacks, is adding three new ones to its Art of the East Library: "Golden Screen Paintings in Japan," "Korin," and "Chinese Paintings of the 11th to 14th Centuries." . . . Michel Leiris's "Picasso and the Human Comedy," for Modern Library, will be a glimpse at the man as well as his work. Rebecca West provided the appreciative introduction. —R. W. S.

PAPERBACK BEST SELLERS

SR *has asked leading bookstores throughout the country to name some of the paperbacks most frequently requested. Here are their choices:*

ATLANTA: Rich's—"Baby and Child Care," by Dr. Benjamin Spock; "Everyday Etiquette," by Amy Vanderbilt; "Thorndike—Barnhart Handy Dictionary"

BOSTON: Lauriat's—"Anatomy of a Murder," by Robert Traver; "New York Places and Pleasures," by Kate Simon; "The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme

CHICAGO: Kroch's & Brentano's—"Anatomy of a Murder," by Robert Traver; "Organization Man," by William H. Whyte; "Peyton Place," by Grace Metalious

DALLAS: McMurray's—"Duveen," by S. N. Berhman; "On the Road," by Jack Kerouac;; "The Tastemakers," by Russell Lynes

DENVER: Denver Book Company—"Coleridge's Writings on Shakespeare," edited by Terence Hawkes; "Land of the Great Image," by Maurice Collis; "The Rebel," by Albert Camus

DETROIT: J. L. Hudson—"How to Read a Book," by Mortimer Adler; "Of Love and Lust," by Theodor Reik; "The Tyranny of Words," by Stuart Chase

HOLLYWOOD: Pickwick Book Shop—"Forgotten Language," by Erich Fromm; "Mythology," by Edith Hamilton; "The Stranger," by Albert Camus

NEW YORK: Brentano—"The Organization Man," by William H. Whyte; "The Stranger," by Albert Camus; "The Subterraneans," by Jack Kerouac; **Doubleday**—"The Lonely Crowd," by David Reisman; "The Organization Man," by William H. Whyte; "The Stranger," by Albert Camus; **Eighth Street Bookshop**—"Howl," by Allen Ginsberg; "Waiting for Godot," by Samuel Beckett; "Existentialism," by Walter Kaufman

SEATTLE: Hartman's Bookshop— "Anatomy of a Murder," by Robert Traver; "Organization Man," by William H. Whyte; "The Hidden Persuaders," by Vance Packard

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LITERATURE

Written in 1858, Anthony Trollope's **"Doctor Thorne"** (Houghton Mifflin, $1.15) follows "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers" in the Barset chronicle. In his autobiography, Trollope refers to "Doctor Thorne" as "the most successful book I have written." Trollope's leisurely charm and genial satire are no longer quite the fashion, but Elizabeth Bowen's brilliant twenty-five page analysis of his novels may well lure new readers.

Another wonderful discovery in paper covers is Henry James's **"Italian Hours"** (Grove, $1.95). These essays—from the lushness of Venice to the delights of Tuscany—are rich with Jamesian observations. After his first visit to Rome, James wrote, "At last—for the first time—I live. I went reeling through the streets in a fever of enjoyment." As a fellow-tourist and as a guide, James is an incomparable companion. His **"Washington Square"** is available in both Bantam (35¢) and Dell (50¢) editions. The latter includes "The Europeans," all about an urbane Baroness who comes with her ne'er-do-well brother to visit their American country cousins.

Two Niko Kazantzakis novels in handsome paperback editions are **"Zorba the Greek"** and **"The Greek Passion"** (Simon & Schuster, $1.75 and $1.95). Alexei Zorba is certainly among modern fiction's most robust, life-loving heroes. "The Greek Passion," on which the film "He Who Must Die" was based, tells of Christ's love and man's redemption, all in a sun-drenched Mediterranean setting.

SOCIETY

With the scientific detachment previously reserved for study of the Zunis and the Bantus, Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd examined the habits of a representative American community called **"Middletown"** (Harvest, $2.25). This classic sociological analysis reports on six major lines of activity: "getting a living, making a home, training the young, using leisure, engaging in religious practices, engaging in community activities." Another segment of our society is scrutinized by Martin Mayer in his book, **"Madison Avenue, USA"** (Pocket Books, 50¢). Occasionally Mr. Mayer drops to a gossipy level, but generally he gives an enlightening glimpse into the mysteries of life in "Ulcer Gulch." Hannah Arendt, Princeton's only woman full professor, discusses "the central dilemmas facing modern man" in a thoughtful book, **"The Human Condition"** (Anchor, $1.45). Of the new scientific, automatized age, Miss Arendt writes, "It is a society of laborers which is about to be liberated from the fetters of labor and this society does no longer know of those other higher and more meaningful activities for which this freedom would deserve to be won." On the more frivolous side of the sociologic bookshelf Russell Lynes's **"The Tastemakers"** (Universal, $1.65), deserves a prominent place. This stylish account tells how, since last century, some people have been telling other people how to spend their money. These "advisers," among whom have been Richard Morris Hunt, who designed French chateaus for American millionaires, Elsie De Wolfe, Louis Tiffany, pattern our taste. The final and delightfully opinionated chapter is Mr. Lynes's well-known essay of definition entitled, "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow."

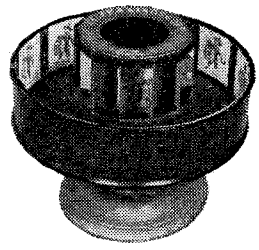
PSYCHOLOGY

"An analysis of psychoanalysis" is the task undertaken by psychologist Joseph Jastrow in **"Freud: His Dream and Sex Theories"** (Perma, 35¢). He presents Freud's doctrines concerning the unconscious and interprets them for the layman in readable and reasonable terms. Freud's fellow-pioneer, Carl Gustav Jung, is still writing impressive studies. His latest book, **"The Undiscovered Self"** (Mentor, 50¢), is concerned with the quest for individuality. In an "age of conformity," writes Jung, it is more important than ever for man to discover his intrinsic self. The "ghosties and ghoulies" that have troubled the sleep of man through the centuries is the subject of **"On the Nightmare"** (Evergreen, $1.95), written by the eminent Freud biographer, Ernest Jones. Such standard midnight creatures as vampires, devils, witches are traced back to their origins in eroticism. **"Sins of Their Fathers"** (Pyramid, 35¢) written by Marjorie Rittwagen, a New York City courtroom psychiatrist, is an informal account of juvenile delinquency in a large city. It's a grim book, with case studies of hoodlums who fill the courts. Dr. Rittwagen offers no easy solutions, but she does suggest that with larger psychiatric staffs more could be done to rehabilitate these problem youngsters.

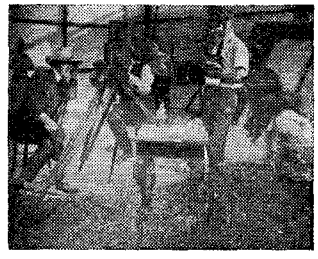
RELIGION

Christianity's complex story is neatly related by Martin E. Marty, an editor of *The Christian Century,* in **"A Short History of Christianity"** (Living Age, $1.45). The fifty lines devoted to "Luther versus Rome" give some notion of the speed with which the tale is told. The writings of Reinhold Niebuhr included in **"Essays in Applied Christianity"** (Meridian, $1.45) present his carefully considered opinions on Catholicism, Karl Barth's Philosophy, and the role of the Protestant Church in American society. Roger L. Shinn of Union Theological Seminary has written a perceptive study, **"The Existentialist Posture"** (Reflection, 50¢), in which he traces Sartrian Existentialism back to its origin in the Old Testament, then returns to the present to relate Existential thought to modern Christian belief. Paul Goodman's **"History of the Jews"** (Everyman, $1.35), first published in 1911, has been revised and brought up to date by Israel Cohen. This classic study now ranges from ancient biblical times to modern Israel.

The Movies: From Praxinoscope to CinemaScope



"The capacity to change is the very essence of every living art—and especially of the movies," writes *SR*'s film critic Arthur Knight. In **"The Liveliest Art"** (Mentor, 50¢), he follows the progressions of films from last century's praxinoscope, left, to the silents of D. W. Griffith, who directed "Intolerance" in 1916, lower left, on to the set of "Raintree County" (1957), lower right, which harbingered the wide-screen technique and another new day for the movies.



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For Whom the Bells Ring

IF A POLL were to be taken today in the Soviet Union on world figures most admired by the Russian people, the name of Ernest Hemingway would be close to top of the list. Indeed, it is doubtful that any foreign living writer enjoys greater esteem in the USSR than Hemingway.

Last year a national committee was formed in the Soviet Union for the purpose of celebrating Hemingway's sixtieth birthday and making it an important event. The plans were well advanced when one of the academicians raised a question about the accuracy of the birth date. The committee had been proceeding on the information that Hemingway was born on July 21, 1898. The academician presented newspaper clippings that referred to the fact that the date given in *Who's Who*, though furnished by Hemingway himself, was in error. There was some question, he said, as to whether the sixtieth anniversary would occur in 1958 or 1959 or 1960.

The organizing committee for the Hemingway celebration thereupon attempted to ascertain the truth. All possible sources were combed, the result being even greater uncertainty. Finally, an urgent cablegram was dispatched to Hemingway himself, asking whether the *Who's Who* date was correct. A reply was eventually received from Hemingway stating that he had been born in 1899. Accordingly, the celebration was postponed a year. Now, word just received from Moscow is that the event took place late last month, with the main ceremonies held at the home of the Societies for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Other Countries. Ernest Hemingway is a person of towering stature in the Soviet Union. There was not a single literary discussion that I had in the USSR—whether in Moscow or any of the other cities—when the name of Hemingway did not lead the names of foreign writers. Also, there was more curiosity about Hemingway than about any other well-known American personalities.

What is it about Hemingway that makes him so popular both as an author and personality in the Soviet Union? He is not a Communist and his novels do not fit the Marxist definition of social significance. So far as I was able to discern, his appeal has to do with his vitality, with the intensification of life and the sense of motion his stories convey and that he himself seems to symbolize. It is not necessarily true that the Marxist experience has produced a nation of readers with a rigorous preference for tract novels having deep proletarian meaning. The Russian reader would like everything to come out with a Marxist alrightness in the end, certainly. But he is literary even before he is dialectical. And he likes his novels to be epic in scope, to deal with grand themes, with color and movement. Above all, he is part of a tradition which says that a good writer must first of all be a good storyteller, someone who has a claim on the imagination, who can make even the smallest things take on a big reality, and who can make the largest things seem accessible and translatable in the life of an average man. And this, as they see it, is the Hemingway manner.

The challenge in fiction, as Russian critics see it, is to make Everyman's problems important and dramatic. It is too easy, they believe, to deal with human caricatures and to exploit seamy deviations. The true novelist knows how to dramatize people who are not sick. Despite impressions to the contrary, Soviet society is fairly puritanical with respect to manners and morals. It is not considered smart to go in for pub-crawling or bed-crawling. Marital infidelity is neither celebrated nor condoned. When married couples who have children apply for divorce, the court does everything possible to effect reconciliation.

Against this background, it would certainly seem that Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road" would be highly unpopular. Quite the contrary. That "Tobacco Road" is so widely known in the Soviet Union may be owing in part at least to the fact that the Soviet government has found it convenient and useful to advance this book as a good idea of what life in America is all about. Yet, whatever the negative propagandist implications of the wide circulation given to "Tobacco Road," the fact remains that Erskine Caldwell knows how to tell a story.

William Faulkner is widely known in the Soviet Union, and his name generally follows that of Hemingway and Steinbeck in Russian appraisals of American writing. But, as in the United States, the respect for Mr. Faulkner is not accompanied by any considerable readership for his books.

In the case of Hemingway, what seems to captivate Russian critics is his skill at characterization. His people are far from being pallid or honeyed, but they seem to Russian readers to be lit up by human electricity. Even the weaknesses of Hemingway's characters have a breathing reality. More than anything else, they are recognizable people and they populate a world of recognizable sounds, smells and emotions, and not a shadowland reeking of human decay.

Soon, the film version of "The Old Man and the Sea" will be shown in Moscow. Its simplicity and its strength, its clean hard lines, and its naturalism are certain to make a profound impression. Hemingway's standing is bound to be higher than ever. It would be a ten-strike if Hemingway were to accept the present invitation to him, issued by our State Department, to visit the Soviet Union in connection with the cultural-exchange program. Better still, if President Eisenhower were to include Hemingway in his party on the forthcoming trip to the USSR, the combination would produce a reception of Tolstoyan proportions, with ringing bells and shouts heard 'round the world.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

In an article "Interview with a Soviet Official" [*SR* Aug. 1], the person interviewed is reported as saying that my article in *The New York Times* last month about Governor Harriman's interview with Khrushchev was "false" and "absolute rubbish." Just to set the record straight, the relevant portions of my article were fully confirmed by Governor Harriman in his *Life* article in that magazine's July 13 issue. In addition, Governor Harriman has personally told me that he felt my article did not misrepresent the nature of his interview with Premier Khrushchev, even though, as the Soviet Official suspected, I did not receive my information directly from Governor Harriman.

It is a sad commentary on the information available to Soviet leaders that the Soviet Official cited in the article could not distinguish truth from falsehood.

Harry Schwartz,
The New York Times.

New York, N. Y.

WITH CLARITY TOWARDS ALL

The view of Mr. Hicks [*SR* Aug. 1] expressed about "The Elements of Style" by W. Strunk and E. B. White is, in my opinion, a very correct one. That book—I own it—is really a valuable one.

In our time when language becomes an object of play by too many, it would be a good idea for all those who like to write—and write simply, to have that book.

Mike Krycun.

Winnipeg, Canada

WHO'S A RACIST?

Perhaps the height of irresponsibility is reached by Carl T. Rowan in his review of the biographies of W. E. B. DuBois and Martin Luther King [*SR* Aug. 1] when he calls DuBois an "irascible black racist."

It is true that Dr. DuBois is at times irascible but it is difficult to see how anybody who is familiar with him personally or his career could describe him as a racist. His whole life is a testimonial to the contrary.

Born in Massachusetts, he was educated at Fisk, Harvard, and Berlin, where most of his teachers and schoolmates were white. Subsequently at Atlanta University, where the faculty was mixed and the student body Negro (as at Fisk), Professor DuBois initiated and sustained for a dozen years what is generally regarded as the first "scientific, objective" sociology that the South knew. He left Atlanta to help found the NAACP, which was more racially mixed then (in 1910) than it is now.

DuBois always fought racism—black or white. He was termed a "mulatto collaborator with white folks" by Marcus Garvey, who stirred the masses of American Negroes with his advocacy of "black ideals," ranging all the way from "Black Cross Nurses" to a "Black Star Line" of steamships that would transport his followers to Africa.

As a scholar, educator, and editor of the *Crisis* magazine, DuBois never restricted himself to the company of Negroes—or even Americans! His reputation as a writer is world-wide.

Moreover, my "Crusader Without Violence" does not contrast DuBois and Martin Luther King; rather, King is a further development, with a new emphasis, of course, of the continuing struggle for equality and world culture.

L. D. Reddick.

Montgomery, Ala.

THE OTHER SIDE

It would improve Professor Reddick's memory to read Mr. Broderick's biography of W. E. B. DuBois, particularly chapters four and five. They will impress upon Mr. Reddick a fact of which he apparently is not now aware: A Negro can associate with white people and still be guilty of black racism.

DuBois himself admitted (*Crisis* magazine, November 1927, page 311) that he was "one of the greatest sinners" in feeling intense prejudice toward white men, and he conceded that perhaps his feeling led him to cause anti-Negro prejudice. DuBois had said earlier (*Crisis*, August 1921, page 160) that to him a white face was "a sign of inherent distrust and suspicion." That same year he boasted in print that since an incident during his college days at Fisk he had never knowingly raised his hat to a Southern white woman. In October 1923, he said he took a "mean, almost criminal and utterly indefensible joy" in hearing of a mob that lynched a white man. In "Darkwater," published in 1921, DuBois wrote.

The white world's vermin and filth:
All the dirt of London,
All the scum of New York;
Valiant despoilers of women
And conquerors of unarmed men;
Shameless breeders of bastards,
Drunk with the greed of gold,
Baiting their blood-stained hooks
With cant for the souls of the simple;
Bearing the white man's burden
Of liquor and lust and lies! . . .
I hate them, Oh!
I hate them well,
I hate them, Christ!
As I hate hell!
If I were God
I'd sound their knell
This day!

Mr. Reddick may retain his opinion as to my responsibility or irresponsibility, but I hope he will let the record speak as to what is or is not black racism. My review suggested in no way that he was contrasting DuBois with King; *I* did the contrasting. Dr. King is, as my review made clear, an extension of the DuBois who fought injustices imposed upon Negroes, but I do not think even Prof. Reddick wants to argue that the Montgomery minister is an extension of the DuBois who wrote the passage quoted above.

Carl T. Rowan.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"That will be five years—with ten days added because of the change-over to the Gregorian calendar."

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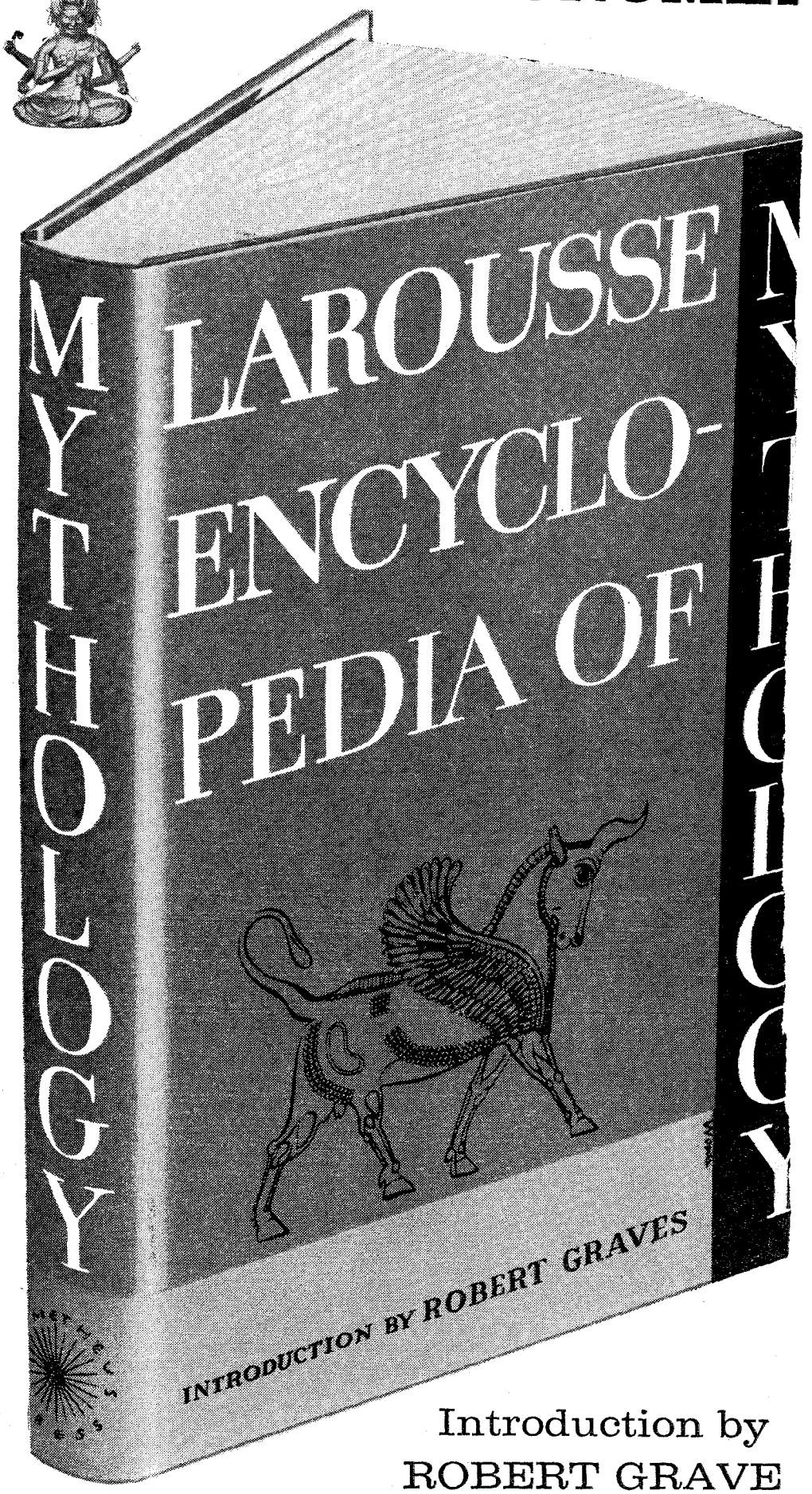

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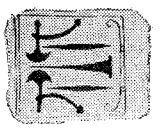

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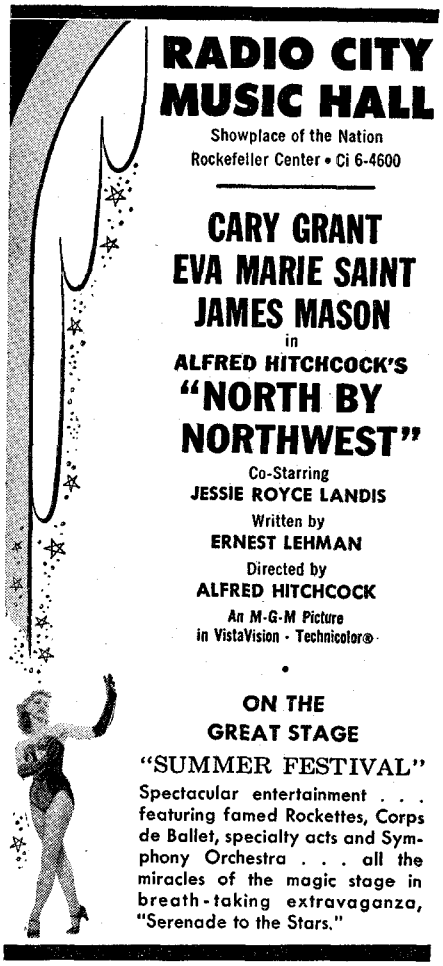

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Whodunit?

ALMOST as serviceable as the Westerns as an area for exploiting novel ideas, techniques, and experiments are the mystery films. Like Steinbeck's Joad family, they endure, they go on. And so long as the basic pattern remains unchanged —a suitably gory crime, a reasonably convincing solution—the writers and directors of these pictures can feel free to ring in whatever variations strike their fancy. If they work, so much the better.

The novelty in **"Sapphire,"** a smartly paced detective film from England, is racism as the murder motive. A pretty co-ed lies dead on Hampstead Heath in the very first frame. The police soon discover that she was in fact a Negress "gone white," that she was three months pregnant, and expecting to marry a young, white student. Their first suspicions turn on the boy. But as they proceed with their investigation, they learn that many of her Negro friends hated her for her attempts to "pass." Murder could have come from either side.

This is a challenging basis for a mystery thriller, an innocent girl caught in a crossfire of racial antagonism. And clearly Janet Green, who wrote the film, felt that she was working on the side of the angels. Her police inspector, admirably played by Nigel Patrick, investigates dispassionately and looks askance at the prejudices of his assistant. Minor characters step forward from time to time to deliver little homilies or object lessons on tolerance. There is an elaborate show of Negro and white hand-clasping.

Despite all the good will in the world, however, a number of disturbing notes creep into the picture. The boy's family, presided over by a benign Bernard Miles, is warm and loving. But we are given no hint of Negro family life whatsoever; when we see Negroes together, they are drinking, dancing, and gambling. At one point the Negro proprietor of a jazz dive tells the Inspector, "No matter what the color of their skin, you can always tell them when the bongo drums start beating"—which is immediately verified by a shot of a blondined colored girl, her feet twitching to the music. The chief Negro suspect is drawn as a lying, murdering, amoral savage, and his friends are made to seem no better.

As a result, what was apparently intended as a strong preachment against racism repeatedly backfires. And all that is left is a well-acted, handsomely photographed little mystery, with perhaps slightly more than its share of unravelled knots and unexplained red herrings.

* * *

There is no mystery at all in **"The Man Upstairs,"** another British experiment, and even its one attempted homicide is largely accidental. It is, rather, a study of the ways that local, semi-official Mental Welfare Officers work with (or against) the police in rounding up mentally disturbed criminals; and experimental insofar as it does all this without such conventional filmic devices as fades, dissolves, or an accompanying musical score. Also in the name of experiment, real time and reel time are made to coincide—although the main effect here, with every quarter-hour tolled off by a booming church bell, is to make its eighty-eight minutes seem like an eternity.

Once more, however, there is an interesting basic premise. The man (Richard Attenborough) is a research scientist involved in vital defense work. In a laboratory accident, he killed a close friend and fellow scientist; now, unhinged by his awareness of the dangers to humanity involved in his experiments, he has locked himself away in his upstairs room. There is a special irony in the humanistic Mental Officer trying to lure the man back to reality, but this has been completely lost on the film's director, Don Chaffey, and fairly well smothered for the audience by the barrage of small talk laid down by its writer, Alun Falconer.

* * *

And finally, for an out-and-out "whodunit," there is **"The Scapegoat,"** starring Alec Guinness and Bette Davis, and adapted by Gore Vidal and Robert Hamer from the Daphne Du Maurier best seller. Apparently this case of dual identity baffled even its adapters. Characters and motivations remain obscure throughout, and the writers seem as surprised as everyone else on discovering which Alec Guinness survived the final reel.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Sunrise at ASFTA

STRATFORD, CONN.

"All's Well That Ends Well" is a dark comedy which, like "Measure for Measure," is apt to annoy theatregoers who prefer characters to be nobler onstage than they are in real life. Its hero, Bertram, is not only an irresponsible philanderer, but what is worse for contemporary American audiences, an aristocratic snob. Its heroine, Helena, is a girl who forces the man she loves to marry her by trickery and nerve. And its comic, Parolles, is a cowardly braggart, most painfully humiliated.

Why did Shakespeare pick such disenchanting characters, and select for the King of France such an unmentionable ailment as a fistula? Perhaps it was because he had become annoyed with actors and audiences, who were turning his most realistic plays into romantic make-believe. And even in his title he seems to be ridiculing the theatregoer's sentimental insistence upon the arbitrarily happy ending.

Under John Houseman's direction, the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy company has made this unpopular play work by filling it with genuine passion, and allowing the characters to be naïvely unaware—except for brief moments—of the horror of their behavior. Helena convinces herself that she is more concerned with Bertram's welfare than she is with possessing him. Subconsciously she is driven to go after him, but at those times when she suddenly realizes what she is doing she becomes deeply embarrassed and remorseful. Nancy Wickwire, who plays the role, exhibits a remarkable combination of loveliness and practical-mindedness. Bertram, too, is fooling himself. He is a vain unthinking snob without the slightest idea he is being one. It is only later when he sees his pseudo-snobbish parasite Parolles exposed that he gets an inkling of how his feeling of natural superiority can blind him to the truth of life around him. John Ragin, who plays Bertram, catches this naturalness nicely and even succeeds in getting our sympathy when we see him caught red-handed in a lie any one of us would have attempted in the same circumstances.

The most moving scene in the play, however, is the one in which a pretty Italian virgin must deceive the married Bertram into an assignation in which he will believe he is making love to her, but will really be bedding his wife. Barbara Barrie brings to this scene a touching full measure of emotion. Without it detracting from the speed or humor of the action, we are conscious that she is suffering the bittersweet pain of vicarious anticipation of a lovers' tryst and at the same time learning how perfidious the most noble of men can be when they are quail-hunting.

Richard Waring's Parolles serves the play well, and Will Geer makes a humorously blunt foil to him as Lafeu. Hiram Sherman gets great commonsensical fun out of the business of interpreting in a nonsensical foreign language. While I would have preferred a bit more authority and sophistication than Aline MacMahon brought to the Countess of Rousillon, this is a small cavil with a fine production that encourages me more than anything else that has happened during ASFTA's first five-year plan.

OUTDOORS in the "grass-eroded" theatre of Central Park, the New York Shakespeare Festival is presenting free performances of "Julius Caesar." And since this presentation has been made possible only through Joseph Papp's determined battle against Park

Commissioner Robert Moses, every audience member feels that his seat symbolizes the victory of vox populi over a modern empire-builder. Fortunately the production continues in the tradition of the New York Shakespeare Festival's previous work. Its director, Stuart Vaughan, has staged the play clearly, simply, and with vigor. And the cast and technical crew give disciplined audible performances, which keep the play from lagging. The crowd scenes are particularly effective and Eldon Elder's costumes and scenery give the play a visual splendor at all times. What the production seems to lack is a strong point of view about its story. It is content merely to rattle it off as Shakespeare has set it down. John Harkins's Brutus, Donald Madden's Antony, Staats Cotsworth's Caesar, and Ernest Graves's Cassius are all competent performances, but they could do with a bit more color. Rex Everhart's Casca is somewhat more successful in this respect, but one suspects that Mr. Vaughan has in his passion for straight Shakespeare deliberately discouraged the contaminations of personality that might have made the performances more interesting.

—HENRY HEWES.

Loft

By Marion Strobel

FOR a year now he has nested
under a peeked roof like a lone sparrow;
outside the stone steps, inside the wooden and narrow
wind to his loft, to his painting-wall on which, at night,
a rigged-up row of bulbs, as big as moons, throw light.

On bright days, paper-blank, they ornament the rafters.
The wall, at center,
screens them. From the door, visitors get, as they enter,
an unabashed view of homemade bathroom, table, bed—
what can be said for these has surely already been said.

Moreover it's morning: the grave reticent artist,
the winter season,
the cold light, are the same. The visitor has reason
to fear, once she passes the screen of his painting-wall,
the canvases will show her nothing, nothing changed at all.

And fears she'll repeat herself—last year his colors were "fresh
as a carousel
whirled on canvas—fresh as their fresh paint smell."
Boards shift as she waits. The silence is sharp as a shout.
He clicks on the lights. Without words turns a canvas about.

In silence turns others: dimensions as large as they were,
brush-strokes are fuller.
She sees the speed of the strokes, the remembered color;
forgets the man at her side as she sees what she sought:
color and strokes pounding; his breath, on a canvas, caught.

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TV AND RADIO

Old Secret Agents Never Die

"BEHIND CLOSED DOORS" is an international espionage film series, which made its debut last season on NBC-TV. Current episodes on the ABC-TV network are repeat performances. Prospects for a fresh sale and new episodes, however, are often good for this kind of film series; and it may be that the show will find a new sponsor in the future. Should this good luck befall its producers, they would be well advised to take a second look at their basic format. Especially Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias (retired). The Admiral, a high-ranking officer in Naval intelligence during World War II, is the series' kingpin: all episodes are billed as real experiences from *his* files; and he appears (personally, or "by proxy") before the camera, "authorizing" his "aide," the show's leading man, to "reveal this report for the first time."

This is all make-believe, of course: the typical posturing developed by the "documentary-drama" school of entertainment, in which the smell of *the real* is supposed to give your show that added prestige with audiences, marking your product with the marginal distinction—"authentic." "From the files of" means anything from fully dreamed-up nightmares to giant or dwarf liberties taken with actual events, in order to make viable stories out of them. Television-radio audiences seem to have been so "authoritized" by these seals of legitimacy, that they swallow them wholesale, apparently, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The possible harm done to the maintenance of the integrity of public communications is, if ever considered, brushed off by the advertiser's sophistry that this is an act of "blandishment and not deception" (a subtlety which would have intrigued Socrates).

What qualifies "Behind Closed Doors" for public scrutiny is 1) the fact that Admiral Zacharias, a Naval officer of first-rank quality, service, and authority chooses to put his personal reputation for credibility on third-rate espionage fiction; and 2) the fact that its cloak-and-dagger content is irresponsible in the arena of nuclear supremacy conflict between our country and the Soviet Union. My attention was drawn to this series by a correspondent, Mr. Allen A. Smith, who sent me a carbon copy of a form letter which, presumably, went to other TV critics. I doubt that, as he puts it, "the purpose of this series seems to be to stir up antagonisms between East and West and to prevent any agreement on ending nuclear tests." TV producers are usually apolitical and satisfied merely to trade on antagonisms or predilections which already exist in the minds of their audiences.

I viewed a recent "Behind Closed Doors" repeat episode, and it was an unconvincing piece of obvious fiction having to do with the absurd rescue (in broad daylight in the center of Prague) of an American "courier" who had detailed knowledge of all Western nuclear defenses in Europe. He had been captured by the Communists and was being tried for spying. It is likely (as my correspondent suggested) that had such a "real experience" ever actually happened, it "would have been blazoned in tremendous headlines throughout the world." The same may be said about another episode which showed a spy being arrested by the FBI for "putting a bomb on an American plane carrying twenty-two of America's most important nuclear scientists," to which, my correspondent writes, Admiral Zacharias added at the end, "This episode enabled our work at Cape Canaveral to continue without interruption."

"American Secret Service agents stabbing Russian officials in the back and an American vessel dropping depth charges on a Russian submarine"—these are other scenes my correspondent states he has seen on this series. Is it a measure of our general indifference to truth in our entertainment-information pattern on TV that a private citizen (the producer), a corporation (the sponsor), a publicly regulated communications system (the network), and a retired officer (Admiral Zacharias) should all give assent to such a misrepresentation, in so sensitive a public area as Russian-American nuclear relations, under the unequivocal stamp of truth? Walter Lippmann has eloquently argued in "The Public Philosophy" (Atlantic—Little, Brown), that

> if there is a dividing line between liberty and license, it is where freedom of speech is no longer respected as a procedure of the truth and becomes the unrestricted right to exploit the ignorance, and to incite the passions, of the people. Then freedom is such a hullabaloo of sophistry, propaganda, special pleading, lobbying and salesmanship that it is difficult to remember why freedom of speech is worth the pain and trouble of defending it.

Old secret service agents, like old soldiers, are entitled, with the gratitude of the public, to plush jobs in civilian life after the battle is done with.

If "Behind Closed Doors" ever wins a fresh sponsor, Admiral Zacharias could enjoy his residuals just as well, and with an easier conscience—if he would merely put himself down as "consultant" to the series and not give the weight of his reputation to a tasteless hoax.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LITERELATIONS

The literary figures in Columns One and Three, Americans all, are related by pairs, and the relationships are indicated in Column Two. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to sort out the kinships. Answers on page 35.

1. Bronson Alcott	( )	aunt	( )	Constance Woolson
2. Gertrude Atherton	( )	brother	( )	Charles Van Doren
3. William Ellery Channing	( )	daughter	( )	Mary V. Terhune
4. James Fenimore Cooper	( )	father	( )	Laura E. Richards
5. Emily Dickinson	( )	grandfather	( )	Cotton Mather
6. Colonel William Falkner	( )	grandniece	( )	James Russell Lowell
7. Julia Ward Howe	( )	granduncle	( )	Christopher La Farge
8. Oliver La Farge	( )	great grandfather	( )	Benjamin Franklin
9. Robert Lowell	( )	great grandson	( )	William Faulkner
10. Richard Mather	( )	nephew	( )	William Ellery Channing
11. Albert Payson Terhune	( )	son	( )	Martha Bianchi
12. Carl Van Doren	( )	uncle	( )	Louisa M. Alcott

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PHILOSOPHIES

Life Recalled as Death Rehearsed

"Journey to the Ends of Time: Vol. I. Lost in the Dark Wood," by Sacheverell Sitwell *(Random House. 475 pp. $7.50), are the reflections, by a man who has lived expansively, upon death and afterlife. Ben Ray Redman is a frequent contributor to the pages of* Saturday Review.

By Ben Ray Redman

IN their youth the three Sitwells—Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell—made a business of posing as extraordinary people, thereby painting the lily of nature with the hues of art. Now, at sixty, Sacheverell has composed one of the most extraordinary books of our time—or of any time.

It is a meditation on death that runs to almost 200,000 words, written by a man who declares at the outset that he does not believe in an afterlife, but who proceeds to imagine and describe various heavens and hells and purgatories. It is a meditation on the existence or nonexistence of deity, by a man who all his life long has been listening for God's voice, but to whom, as to Porphyria's lover, God has not said a word. It is a meditation on the soul, by a man who is far from sure of the soul's existence, who is convinced at one moment that something leaves the body at death, and at another moment that nothing leaves it. It is a meditation on eternity, by a man who can conceive of an "eternity that is without physical embodiment, but in which there is thought." It is a meditation on the nature of the world, by a man who wavers between the belief that everything has been planned by a supreme power and the conviction that nothing has been planned, but who seems to find his surest footing in the belief that we live "not in a kingdom, but a republic, and that all things are their own masters. That they live their own lives and come to their own ends." It is a meditation on religion by a man to whom religious feeling is alien. It is a meditation on human life, by a man who, having passed in imagination through the gates of death, has ascended to false heavens where earthly affairs engross the immortals, sailed through Purgatory in the Ship of Fools, descended to the Ponds of Malebolge,

—PIX.

Sacheverell Sitwell—"An esthete's eye."

inhabited by body-snatchers and murderers, and endured the Inquisition of Souls. It is the work of a poet, a painter in prose, a musician, and a superbly gifted fantast.

HIS visions of an afterlife are richly furnished and cluttered with memories of his life on earth; with the memories of one who has been everywhere and seen everything with an esthete's eye; with memories of countries and cities and landscapes and buildings and travels by sea, land, and air; with memories of words read, sounds heard, and art loved.

A mere sampling of the remembered things, persons, places, and events, might include the Carnival of Venice, a butchered calf, the railway station dogs at Fuentes de Oñora, perfumes and gloves and flowers, William Blake and Mozart, the skull racks of the Aztecs, Mexican *judos* and Henry of Monmouth, monsters, jobless miners, the Dalai Lama and Marie Antoinette and the monkey-hill in the Regent's Park zoo, Baudelaire and Kabuki dresses, the black nuns of Uganda, bullfight posters and the actor-prints of Sharaku, Hieronymus Bosch's demons and the Mirabell Gardens at Salzburg, Europa, Hiroshima, the anatomical museum of Fredrik Ruysch, Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Boccaccio and Fiammetta, Ruskin and Rose la Touche, the notorious "Pillow Book" of Utamaro, the bombing of Coventry, workhouse children, the Salvation Army and gypsy girls dancing in Istanbul, Virgil's tomb, hussars and dwarfs, Yoshiwara beauties and Barcelona's red-light district, keelhauling, and an old actress burned to death in her caravan on Eckington Common.

Mr. Sitwell's arguments and self-questionings regarding the mysteries of life and death are lucid and orderly, and by necessity the least original parts of the book; but he manipulates his memories with surrealistic abandon. Scene flows into scene and vision into vision, idea begets idea, dream follows dream, hallucination dissolves into hallucination, metaphor engenders metaphor, image gives way to image—facts and fancies, impressions, inventions and parables, all mingle and tumble, dance and cavort, in a vast, prolonged phantasmagoria.

Sacheverell Sitwell is one of the prose-masters of our time, practising with passion an art that has few adepts in an age that is content with both telegraphic and interminably formless writing. He can orchestrate a paragraph or a page, he can pile elaboration on elaboration; and he can create the simplest, most crystalline melodies. For example:

> So, in fact, here is a blue iris in a bowl upon the window sill. And a fallen drop of its blueness stains the brick, while, below, a bird like a water-wagtail skims and settles, and preens and shakes herself and, bird-ballerina, makes a little run around a pool of rain.

We are promised that this "journey to the ends of time" will be continued in a second volume. I look forward to it.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 844

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 844 will be found in the next issue.

O ACB'M DBCF FGC
LK HNPBAEPMGRN FPT;
O PL LSQG LCNR
QCBQRNBRA MC DBCF
FGPM GOT HNPBATCB
FOXX WR.

—XOBQCXB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 843

Ambition is like hunger: it obeys no law but its appetite.
—H. W. Shaw.

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The Eternal Spring of Thought

"The Degrees of Knowledge," by Jacques Maritain, *translated under the supervision of Gerald B. Phelan (Scribners. 476 pp. $7.50), analyzes the various kinds of knowledge—scientific, philosophical, theological, and mystical. Walter J. Ong, our reviewer, is a Jesuit priest, Professor of English at St. Louis University, and author of "Ramus, Method, and the Decay of Dialogue," "American Catholic Crossroads," and other books.*

By Walter J. Ong

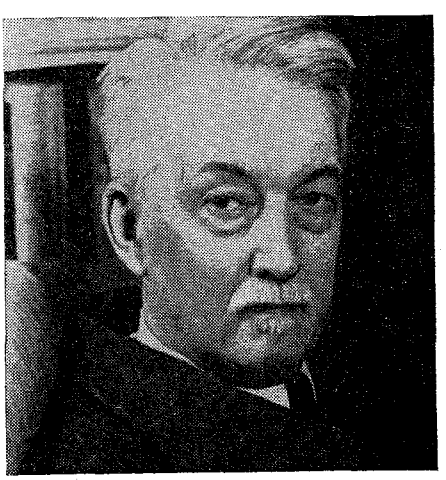
THE first edition of this book, in French, in 1932 was a landmark in modern studies of the problem of knowledge. "The Degrees of Knowledge" is an expansive work, ranging from infra-scientific experience through empirical sciences, mathematics, and mathematically-controlled physics on through philosophy, as this is realizable through natural reason, through the theology derivative from God's revealed word, and on into mystical knowledge.

Since the 1937 translation of the second French edition, a whole tradition of thinking has grown up, mostly on this side of the Atlantic, around the distinguished author. Issues have been sharpened and a highly discriminating group of readers developed. This genuinely new translation meets the resulting situation with a refined accuracy, high readability, and a rendition of the complete text of Maritain's appendices, which in the earlier translation had been shrunk to slight summaries.

The thoroughgoing care on the text makes it all the more bewildering that the publishers have failed to provide an index to anything other than proper names—and this in a book studded with tantalizing and highly individualistic terms such as "ananoetic intellection," "empiriology," "apophatic," and "cataphatic theology."

The relation of this book to the scholastic tradition is complex; for one reason because the scholastic tradition itself is difficult to isolate from other currents of thought in the West. Not only Cartesianism, but Newtonian physics and New England Puritanism are in many of their most characteristic manifestations of a piece with medieval scholasticism, as work in the history of ideas is showing more and more. In the large, Maritain's connection with the medieval tradition follows a pattern common among Neo-Scholastic thinkers. His thought connects with the thought of certain medieval (and later) theologians rather than with that of the generality of medieval philosophers or masters of arts, who gave metaphysics relatively short shrift, as well as with a highly quantified logic recently interpreted by persons trained in modern symbolic logic but uncongenial to M. Maritain and to Neo-Scholastics generally. Hence, even when he treats of philosophy as a product of natural reason rather than with the theology of revealed religion, Maritain's thought takes its origin from the philosophy developed by the theologian St. Thomas Aquinas, whom Maritain explicates, moreover, chiefly in the light of a few select commentators, chiefly theologian-philosophers John of St. Thomas, Cajetan, and St. John of the Cross, rather than in the light of the history of ideas.

Maritain's work here is, however, also definitely twentieth century, not only in its subject matter when it includes reference to relativity physics and Heisenberg's indeterminacy principle, but in even more fundamental ways. His thought and style move with the quick shifts of pace and perspective which are foreign to earlier thinking and which register the sense of psychological complexity incipient in Montaigne's day and grown to its majority in our own. Maritain's hushed contentment in the presence of unsolved mystery is a familiar part of our post-Romantic selves.



Jacques Maritain—A debt of gratitude.

In "lining up" a series of texts to ascertain St. Thomas's or others' meaning, M. Maritain also avails himself of a technique perfected only in a postmedieval typographical culture. This technique is of major importance in assessing Maritain's or anyone else's scholasticism today, for it shows that the thinker is more firmly fixed in time and that he is more profoundly reflective about his relation to his scholastic predecessors than they could be about their own relationship to others.

The essence of Maritain's explanation is the diversification of knowledge. The critical realism which he so well develops is opposed to all monolithic views holding that there is only one way of knowing, one kind of knowledge, whether this be that of scientific experiment, of mathematics, or even of mystical vision.

Man's knowledges are not only diversified but ordered, set in relationships to reality and to one another which can be ascertained and described truly and accurately. But they can never be described exhaustively, for human knowledge is not a congealed datum, but something growing in living and real men. It burgeons from time to time into new and unexpected forms—such as the physico-mathematical science which has sprung up only since the seventeenth century and which commands so much attention in M. Maritain's book.

HAS recent growth in knowledge rendered this revised work inadequate? In its over-all conception, certainly not. But one can begin to detect what will have to be done to relate this account of knowledge to new developments. For example, phenomenologically-oriented thinking has deepened beyond the limits reached in this book our understanding of person and personality—a matter paramount in our knowledge of God, with which Maritain is so concerned—and of the noetic implications of depth psychology. These developments have opened a way into the sociology of knowledge. We are more articulately aware than ever before of the ways in which knowledge is generated not out of commerce simply with things, but necessarily out of commerce with persons and with living things in the presence of persons.

Contemporary thought owes a debt of gratitude to M. Maritain. We can hope that our debt will be increased as the understanding he presents here so masterfully and humbly and hopefully is fed further by our gain in that which is the starting point of all knowledge—experience.

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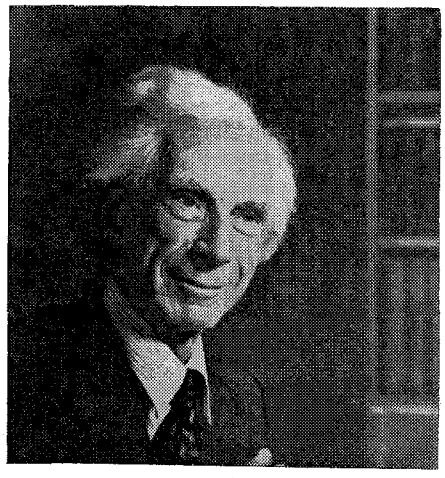
A Vast Career Revisited

"My Philosophical Development," by Bertrand Russell *(Simon & Schuster. 279 pp. $3.75), is the distinguished Englishman's recollections of a lifetime's involvement with ideas. Adrienne Koch, who is at present the chairman of the American Studies program at the University of California, is the author of a forthcoming book, "Philosophy for a Time of Crisis."*

By Adrienne Koch

MODERN philosophy, the world over, would be inconceivable without Bertrand Russell; and British philosophy, in particular, would lack its strongest philosophic genius since David Hume. Yet such a judgment of Russell's eminence as the commanding English philosopher of the twentieth century, leaves out his magician's battery of charm and wit, irrepressible intellectual rascality and social heresy, and the gift of speech and potent prose. Russell has been a storm center of controversy, both professional and philosophic, personal and heated. Now that he is a ripe but unrepentant man of eighty-seven years of impulse and reason, he protests against the experiences of finding oneself "regarded as antiquated after having been, for a time, in the fashion." He takes stock of the present developments in British philosophy, finding them invalid so far as their criticism of himself are concerned, and totally disappointing so far as their positive insights direct their work.

I believe Mr. Russell's understandable irritation with what he calls "the new philosophy" is what lies behind this book as motivating rationale. The man whom Whitehead called "a Platonic dialogue in himself" is now not bothered with an internal dialectic, but with a reasonable statement of his philosophic course through the years, as the hard core (like Russell's own stock illustration of the ultimate flat disc of a penny which generates its limitless class of perceptual effects) of his contribution to modern philosophy. As he reviews his discoveries, his modifications of this and that element of theory, he seems to be asking whether "the new philosophy" will scratch as deep or contribute as much; and one tends to agree with his negative verdict.



Bertrand Russell—"Ripe but unrepentant."

In tracing his philosophic development, Russell sounds like a philosophy professor who is taking objective stock of the originality, and even the vagrant oddities of doctrine, of some eminent predecessor. This is a new role for Russell, who as a writer of philosophy, is normally able to create a crystal pool that reflects with shining objectivity the objects of his mental landscape. In the present book, there is some pedantic exegesis of what he meant at various critical stages in his philosophic journey: as, for example, when he was a youthful Bradleyan, or in his next phase as a Platonic mathematical realist; or in his great creative period when with Whitehead he helped to revolutionize modern mathematical logic in the formalizations worked out in "Principia Mathematica."

RUSSELL himself interrupts the story of his purely philosophic career to take account of the world of human events through the rude impact upon him of the First World War. In his own words, "the splendid certainty," which he had loved and passionately pursued in mathematical reasoning, was beginning to fade at about this time. Russell was coming to believe that the sublime "timelessness of mathematics" consisted only in the fact that "the pure mathematician is not talking about time." The war finished the matter for him, as he experienced a violent pendular swing from his former ascetic absorption in the world of abstraction to the world where young men were being slaughtered. Russell felt "an aching compassion for these young men, and found myself united to the actual world in a strange marriage of pain." From that day on, he avers that "the nonhuman world remained as an occasional refuge, but not as a country in which to build one's permanent habitation." Nevertheless, it is a fact to be noted that while Russell was confined in prison for his pacifist agitation, the two works which he produced were a "polemical criticism" of the philosophy of Dewey and "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy"!

Perhaps the best way to gauge the re-direction of Russell's thought after the First World War is to note the shift of his professional interest from mathematical logic to the theory of knowledge and the related fields of psychology and linguistics. Russell himself places these two fields, psychology and linguistics, on a par in influencing his subsequent work, particularly in his three important books of the period—"The Analysis of Mind" (1921), "An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth" (1940), and "Human Knowledge: Its Scope and Limits" (1948). (So far as his "philosophic development" is concerned, the second war apparently did not shock him as did the first, nor did he retain any pacifist objections to it.) However, there is no evidence that Russell ever achieved any degree of mastery of theoretical or experimental psychology, and the one illustration he offers of his encounter with psychology is quite without proof of psychological sophistication, although it is in his most engagingly witty manner, so much so that I reproduce the gist of his argument. He says he thought animal behavior might enlighten what it is that human beings do in acquiring knowledge or making inferences; and that he "studied" animal psychology, finding, to his surprise, two schools in the field, one represented by Edward Thorndike, the American psychologist, the other by the German Wolfgang Köhler. He observed, however, that animals behave in a manner

> showing the rightness of the philosophy entertained by the man who observes them. . . . Animals observed by Americans rush about frantically until they hit upon the solution by chance. Animals observed by Germans sit still and scratch their heads until they evolve the solution out of their inner consciousness. . . . The net result of my reading in this subject was to make me very wary of extending any theory beyond the region within which observation had confirmed it.

However, he does commit himself

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somewhat more whole-souledly to behaviorism as a constant philosophic method but not, as he insists, as a philosophy—or a substitute for one.

Where Russell is short and irreverent on psychology, he is long and passionately engaged with the study of language. Here, in fact, the human scene takes on accents of personal disappointment, even hurt. There is the matter of Russell's one-time student, Wittgenstein, and the hint of the student who first profited by the great teacher's hospitable promotion, in time only to mass the younger men in his own corner with ill-masked derision of the "teachings" of the teacher. Alas! Little wonder that Russell somewhere comments that "I find little satisfaction in contemplating the human race and its follies. I am happier thinking about the nebula in Andromeda than thinking about Genghis Khan"—or Wittgenstein, or more especially his less gifted and more vehemently explicit followers. Human folly, however, Russell tries firmly to subdue, in accord with his avowed ideal of the philosopher whose supreme duty it is "to show the road" to that large impartiality "which theists attribute to the Deity."

What he feels his own philosophy of analysis offers, that the "new philosophy," following Wittgenstein lacks, is the serious effort to understand the world. Russell properly identifies this as an essential task of philosophy throughout the ages. He levels the charge against the new philosophy in its effort to become separate from the empirical world, "that it seems to concern itself not with science, the world and our relation to it but only with the different ways in which silly people can say silly things."

Of himself, Russell claims that his method, ever since he completed the "Principia," has been to build a bridge between the world of sense and the world of science; and while there are formalists and intuitionists in the theory of language and meaning, just as there were in the foundations of mathematics, Russell regards himself almost as the philosopher of common sense in championing the position that the truth of empirical propositions (unlike those of pure mathematics) depends upon some relation to *facts*, some complex and yet irreducible kind of "correspondence" with them.

In his philosophical development, from position to position, from old philosophic antagonists to new, Russell appears to be steadily loyal to his theory of types first put forward in the "Principia," then modified, but always welcome in some form as an essential way out of radical logical puzzles; to his theory of descriptions; to the doctrine of external relations and the pluralism which they imply; and to his general belief in analysis as essential to scientific and philosophic truth, and as ultimately concerned with arriving at simples or "atomic facts."

As one may correctly infer, this book is not to be mistaken for an autobiography, which Mr. Russell has stated elsewhere is already written but not to be published until after his death. Nor is it, by any means, an adequate account of that phase of his life which is his philosophic development—for the many books on ethics and politics, and the argument which Mr. Russell is currently waging on nuclear war for the most part, are not even mentioned. As a felicitous essayist, Mr. Russell has not lived up to his usual standard; and as an objective philosopher of the Stoic cut, pursuing impartiality, he is not without his lapses here. One might complain, with injured sensibility, that the smell of paste and the click of scissors had not been decently camouflaged.

But the man who said in clear and lilting speech, on his eightieth birthday, that he wished "to live the life of impulse like a child" is incapable of being uninteresting as he continues his keen commentary in his eighty-seventh year. We have here part of Russell's intellectual development, and a few hints, at least, into the thought of a philosopher whose changing ideas have been described as "harder to sum up in a short space than any philosopher since Plato."

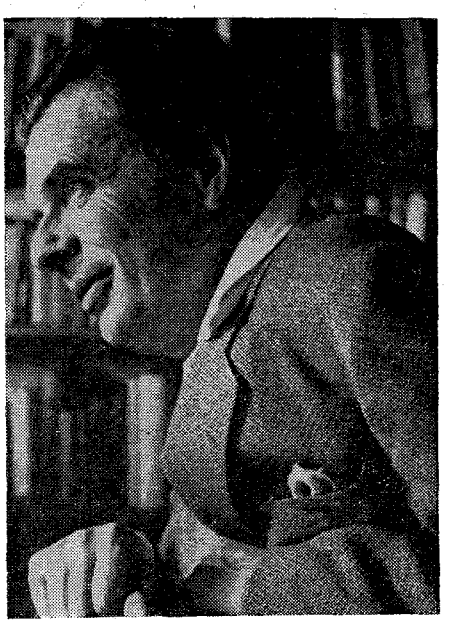
A Preference for the Lively

***"Collected Essays," by Aldous Huxley** (Harper. 399 pp. $5), are selected from the author's writings of the past four decades. Joseph Wood Krutch, whose books include "The Measure of Man" and "The Chain of Life," has been following the Huxley philosophical path since the Twenties.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "Leda and Other Poems" (1920) was the second of his publications and the first to attract attention in the United States. Because I read it with interest I reviewed his other early works as they appeared and I remember risking the prediction that he would end as some kind of ascetic because he was obviously shocked by his own fleshiness. Though this was a little awry it was not too bad a guess. The present omnibus collection of essays, ranging in time from the early Twenties to the late Fifties, documents fully the pilgrimage of a mind which wandered widely over the art and the thought of all ages in search of the settled convictions which at last he seems to have found in a mysticism compounded of many simples.

"I have [he wrote in 1931] a taste for the lively, the mixed and the incomplete in art, preferring it to the universal and the chemically pure." That preference at least has never changed. In the beginning he wandered in a no man's land of *enfants terribles*, lying somewhere between T. S. Eliot (who in those days could be flippant, even naughty) and Michael Arlen (who aspired to nothing beyond "sophistication"). His favorite theme was then the paradox of exalted emotions rooted in grotesque physiology and typified by the lovers, "quietly sweating palm to palm." Later came the nightmare of a "brave new world" and after that again refuge in a mysticism which denies not only that technology is a boon but also that ultimate reality is either physiology or anything else material.



Aldous Huxley—From Bohemian to Sage.

Thus the Bohemian became the

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prophet of doom and the prophet of doom turned into a sage. Yet none of the themes or even of the manners was ever completely abandoned. In 1956 the Sage, visiting the desert not far from his Los Angeles home, turns from appreciation of peace and silence to comment upon "the voice of *Homo sapiens*—six of the species in a parked Chevrolet, listening to the broadcast of a prize fight, or else necking to the delicious accompaniment of Crosby." In the same year he can resume the manner of the "Leda" poems to translate Mallarmé's

> Je pense plus longtemps, peut-
> être éperdument
> À l'autre, au sein brûlè d'une an-
> tique amazone

exactly as he would have translated it in the Twenties:

> Felt breasts are round, but those unfelt are rounder; therefore, absent paps, swell on.

MANY of the best essays in this volume deal with specific but usually little-known writers or painters or composers. In accord with his confessed preference for "the lively, the mixed, and the incomplete" they are most often on what is somewhat fantastically called "baroque" and they include an especially fine essay on the sixteenth-century composer of madrigals, Carlo Gesualdo. Unmistakably it is the artist whom he admires before all other men and the creations of artists are responsible for most of the "Many green islands there must be/ In the wide sea of misery."

As recently as three years ago he was able to confess at least this much optimism:

> I am still ready to bet that the non human otherness at the root of man's being will ultimately triumph over the all-too-human selves who frame the ideologies and engineer the collective suicides. . . . Beyond survival is transfiguration; beyond and including animal grace is the grace of that other not-self, of which the desert silence and the desert emptiness are the most expressive symbols.

Mr. Huxley has worshiped many strange gods and seemed often to wander in his own hopeless wasteland. But it is something to have got to such a conviction as this after having started with the half-clever, half-despairing thesis of "Leda": "Mind issued from the monkey's womb/ Is still umbilical to earth/ Earth its home and earth its tomb."

PERSONAL HISTORY

Insight into the Sightless World

"The Sound of the Walls," by Jacob Twersky *(Doubleday. 140 pp. $3.95), gives a glimpse into the problems of the sightless. It is reviewed by Ved Mehta, whose own autobiographical account was titled "Face to Face."*

By Ved Mehta

JACOB TWERSKY was born in prewar Poland, brought up in an Orthodox Jewish family (his father was a rabbi), and at an early age was robbed of his sight. In "The Sound of the Walls" he describes with varying degrees of success the Danzig of cabbys and droshkys; life in New York City from the point of view of naturalized Americans; his childhood under the shadow of the synagogue, where the breaking of the Sabbath was regarded as a sin, and where miraculous recovery of sight provided a hope for the hopeless; and finally, the struggle of the educational authorities to give him education once he had put himself in their hands.

Mr. Twersky was a disciplinary problem for his home, school, society, and indeed for his fiancée. Even though he was shy, nervous, and, at least at first, not very gifted, he managed to receive a decent education at the College of the City of New York, and after an unhappy courtship, to marry an exceptionally understanding "sighted girl."

No one will deny that Mr. Twersky's life is full of interest and that his courage and determination enlist our immediate admiration. But, alas, the same cannot be said for his book. The author, either by choice, or through his ruthless honesty, presents himself as ordinary in every respect except his blindness. He portrays himself as self-centered and too conscious and sensitive about his sightlessness. The accumulation of problem after problem of a blind man is depressing. It obscures Mr. Twersky as a completely adjusted human being, and gives the book a sentimental glare, in spite of the author's enlightened attitude. This is unfortunate since Mr. Twersky's aim is to convince his audience that handicapped people are normal.

Jacob Twersky—An ear for conversation.

Nowhere does Mr. Twersky mention his literary tastes, his historical or other intellectual interests. This failure to give us a topography of his mind is one of the silences which make this book a bad autobiography but a good lecture on do's and don'ts for the treatment of the handicapped.

Mr. Twersky has talent for writing and on the rare occasions that he comes out of himself, he is able to create memorable individuals, like his teacher, Miss Di Pretoro, and his wife Esther. He has a real ear for conversation and when he chooses to use dialogue he breathes life into his characters. He also shows a keen sensibility towards the psychology of the handicapped; and since all of us are in one way or another members of different minorities, Mr. Twersky's book is of some general interest. The question is, whether cataloguing of the capabilities of the sightless and their grievances against society can be the *raison d'être* of an autobiography. I think not; for if the central figure is Mr. Twersky, he has to be more than just a type, more interesting as a person than as a problem, more a man in his own right than an illustration of what happens to you if you are blind.

Many handicapped have experienced the emotions that Mr. Twersky has, but the fault of his book is that rather than make us feel with him, he sometimes makes us feel against him, and this is due to his more often telling us *about* his problems and situations than taking us there with him.

I am, of course, only criticizing the hero of the book, not Mr. Twersky himself, and I admit willingly that as a guidebook to the world of the sightless "The Sound of the Walls" has a real function to perform.

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The Prison People

***"Warden's Wife," by Gladys Duffy** with Blaise Whitehead Lane (Appleton-Century-Crofts. 346 pp. $4.50), takes the reader behind the bars at San Quentin prison. Frank O'Leary, the editor of "A Dictionary of Underworld Lingo" and many articles about crime, was himself a longtime prison inmate.*

By Frank O'Leary

THE reading public has been thoroughly briefed on what might be justly termed "The Miracle of San Quentin." This sprawling penal "hell on earth" in which officially sanctioned sadistic brutality, marginal starvation, and incredible decadence were converting mere lawbreakers into savage beasts was processed during the first few years of the stewardship of dedicated Warden Duffy into a modern rehabilitation laboratory, equal to the most forward-looking maximum security establishment in the nation. Both the book and the movie, "Duffy of San Quentin," dramatically portrayed this man's signal accomplishment.

Now, in "Warden's Wife," the wife of this courageous man has told the more intimate behind-the-scenes story of his childhood and hers in the shadow of the walls of this California prison. "Mother" Duffy—as she was fondly known to thousands of her husband's inmate charges—was the daughter of a Captain of the Guard and the granddaughter of a guard. Warden Duffy's father, too, had been a guard. Clinton had always been Gladys's favorite playmate and the attitude of both toward the prisoners had been conditioned in part by two factors: the guards in their families were numbered among the "good" guards as distinguished from the slug-'em-with-the-truncheons-and-throw-'em-in-the-dungeons "bad" guards; and, they had grown up close enough to assorted prison inmates to recognize them as essentially people—ornery people, at times, but still flesh-and-blood people.

Although she is a warm, gentle person, steeped in a feeling for the humanities, Mrs. Duffy strikes no namby-pamby note in her grim recital of the brutalities of penitentiary life, whether they be the black deeds of the more vicious prisoners or the excesses of the more ruthless guards. She shares her husband's abhorrence for violence, especially in the practice of legalized murder by the state in the application of the extreme penalty. Clinton Duffy fought for the "more humane" gas chamber over the crude equipment of the hangman. Gladys Duffy does a well-documented job of proving that the lethal gas chamber, while it may mercifully liquidate animals, is a barbarously slow instrument of torture in snuffing out a human life. She shares her famous husband's conviction that capital punishment is vengeful in purpose, nondeterrent in effect. Surely, she argues, we would anesthetize the condemned person if society were not bent on exacting revenge. The religious strictures against anesthetizing those about to suffer the extreme penalty appear not to have occurred to Mrs. Duffy.

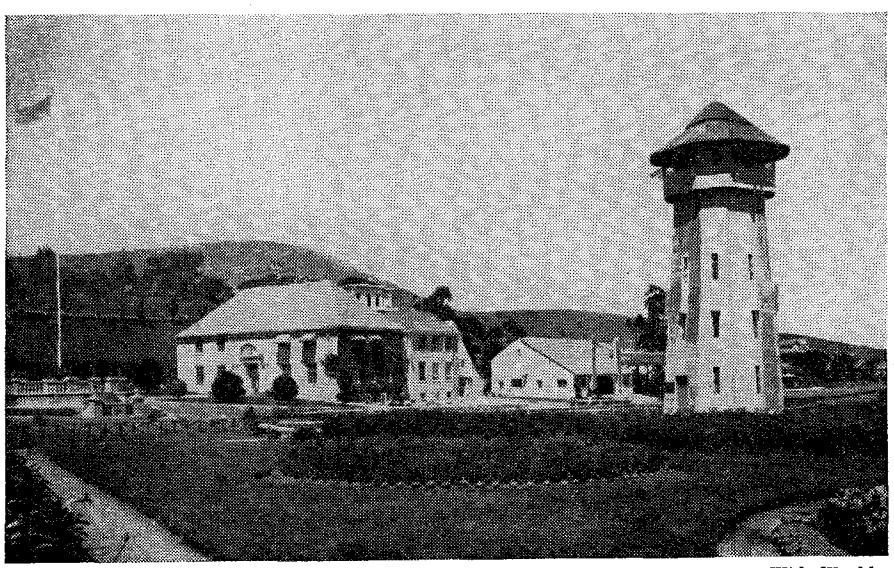
Many readers will disagree with the author's tendency to play down the part that sex frustration plays in prison life and her opposition to the introduction of conjugal visits in our American prisons. They will find fault, too, with her attitudes toward such controversial subjects as narcotic addiction. But these are all purely personal views and the author makes no pretense of qualifying as an authority.

On the lighter side, this is one of the richest treasuries of prison and underworld anecdotes and vignettes this reviewer has read in a lifetime of interest in the subject.

There was the escape-minded prisoner who stole the chaplain's hat and robe and, thus disguised, succeeded in walking out through the prison gate. He was almost free when a guard, mistaking him for the chaplain, solicitously hurried after him to inform him that the bishop of the diocese wanted to talk to him on the telephone.

Then there was the condemned Chinese who bore up with Oriental stoicism throughout his long stay on Condemned Row, only to crack up during the waning hours of his last day on earth. Warden Duffy, puzzled, learned through an interpreter that the distraught man was concerned only about his dentures and his eyeglasses. He had to be assured that they would be interred with him in his coffin so that he would not be without them in the other world.

Fascinating reading!



—*Wide World.*

San Quentin—From a "hell on earth" to a modern rehabilitation laboratory.

KIND HEARTS: Inglis Fletcher, the author of nine historical novels about North Carolina, has written her autobiography, **"Pay, Pack, and Follow"** (*Holt*, $4.50), a determined book about a determinedly successful woman. It includes a detailed genealogy of herself and her husband, Jack Fletcher; her upbringing in Illinois; her "pack and follow" days with her mining-engineer husband to various mines, mostly copper, throughout the American West; and a chapter devoted to the general background of each of her novels.

Mrs. Fletcher's genuine passion for research has led her to conscientiously mention almost everyone and every place that she has liked—with a kind word appended. Since her travels have covered a good part of the globe and her acquaintances are numerous, she leaves herself little time or space for personal reactions, aside from the woolly blanket of enthusiastic adjectives which clothe the book. Her life seems to have been peopled by a race of giants—the men "brilliant" and "bold," the women "gracious," "charming," and "elegant." Such thoroughness tends to level off each experience and friendship, an approach which obscures rather than illuminates an interesting personal story.

—ELIZABETH BAYARD.

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Fiction

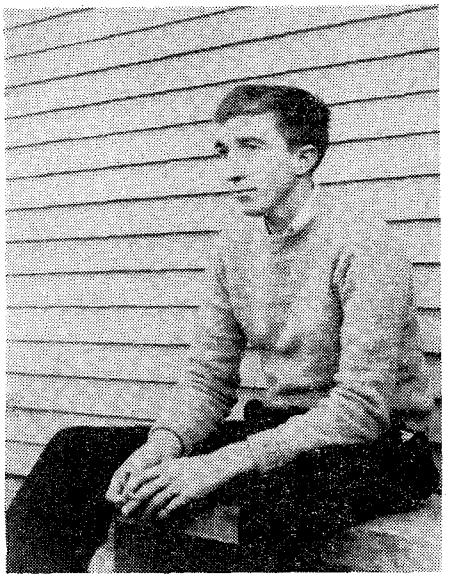
Continued from page 15

the first and last stories have the same protagonist. It is apt on another level: though the range of the overt subject matter is fairly wide, it is the mansion of the spirit which we are privileged to see through the door of this poet's sensibility.

What are the pieces about? A youth's disturbing view of an adult world different from that of his parents'; the home life of an empty, jazzy couple; a high-school teacher's brief encounter with a girl pupil; a gentle cleric's introspection while undergoing dentistry; a wife's loneliness; an F. Scott Fitzgeraldish man face to face with an organization man; the dark side of a father's adoration for his infant daughter; a man home from work for whom the mundane world about him is intensely illuminated. And eight more, of which the last in the book may become a classic.

IT WILL be noticed that the word "story" has not been used here. These are only stories by default of an exact term to fit them; a more accurate and clumsy designation might be "fictional essays." They are vignettes, slices of life, anecdotes; that is, they are, for the most part, without plot or story line, nor are the characters visibly affected, or significantly changed, in the course of their brief appearances. These pieces are, in fact, quite perfect examples of a literary form largely evolved by *The New Yorker*, where all of them first appeared. The genre is recognizably *The New Yorker*'s own, as is its custom of putting an author's byline at the end of his work, which can be an irritation. Yet this too, has an appropriateness, since these pieces are frequently so genderless in attitude that even first-person narration may go on for a page or more before the sex of the narrator becomes evident. This is not to suggest that there is anything deviate about the authors; it may, however, illuminate two of the genre's pervading peculiarities: sexless, empathic sensibility and absence of vigor.

In this world, as exemplified by "The Same Door," loving affection is more common than passion, distaste more prevalent than hate. It is a world seen neither with the brain nor the heart—or the guts—but with the understanding eye of the caring nonparticipant. It is characterized by a perceptive delicacy in which emotion is implied—as sound is implicit in a taut but unplucked string. The prime operative factor is, perhaps, a kind of genteel—almost stylish—super-awareness, with



John Updike—"Emotion is implied."

elegantly conveyed insights taking the place of events. These are not stories, they are still-lifes—with people.

These observations are not intended as critical in any way: they are offered to suggest that a viable form has been created, and to observe that John Updike is one of its most inspired practitioners, a surgeon-poet of the spirit.

And a footnote for the publisher. Having shared with other reviewers the not-unpleasant duty of calling attention to fulsome and misleading jacket blurbs, it is even more pleasant to report that the flap copy on "The Same Door" is a model of accurate, intelligent, and informative comment on the volume it enfolds.

SOUTHERN CHARM: At the age of seven, I was informed by my neighborhood librarian that You Can't Tell A Book By Its Cover, and I feel compelled to apply that old information to Alston Anderson's **"Lover Man"** (Doubleday, $3.75). The jacket blurb says, "Here, without a trace of affectation or sentimentality, is the whole essence of Negro life in America—its humor, its innocence, its savagery, and its dazzling sophistication."

These stories are about Negroes in a small town in Alabama, and the adventures of a few of them in Harlem, Brooklyn, and Germany (while in the army). The characters are poor, mostly uneducated, and are no more representative of "the essence of Negro life in America" than "Tobacco Road" contains the essence of farm life in America. Neither are they fairly described by the subtitle "Stories of Blacks and Whites," since all but a few are exclusively about Negroes and those that deal at all with white people do so only in the most peripheral way.

No author of course can be held responsible for the jacket of the book he writes (an unhappy fact of publishing) and I do not mean to belabor Alston Anderson for the above complaints. Mr. Anderson is a talented writer, with a spare, straightforward style. He is a Negro who was born in Jamaica and did not come to America until the age of fourteen. He lived in North Carolina, and although he was surprised by the attitude toward Negroes, Robert Graves tells us, in a rather embarrassing foreword, that Anderson was so "enchanted" by "the local idiom, music, and manners" that he chose to remain there for schooling instead of going North. (He has since gone on to the Sorbonne and Mallorca, where he met Mr. Graves.) Despite Anderson's use of Southern Negro dialect and customs, there is a sense of removal one feels throughout the stories—the sense, indeed, that they were written by a man "enchanted" by the natives he saw around him, much as he might have been had he gone to the South Seas instead of North Carolina.

Graves says in his foreword that "What distinguishes Alston's stories from the usual white American variety—derived from O. Henry at however far a remove—is that there's no inevitable whip-crack ending." In the first place, I see nothing necessarily "white" about stories with a "whip-crack ending." In the second place, hasn't Mr. Graves ever read the stories in an American magazine he writes for himself, called *The New Yorker*?

—DAN WAKEFIELD.

Criminal Record

THE CROSSROADS. *John D. MacDonald. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Florida hotel-motel-bowladrome center is scene of big-scale robbery involving huge cast, much genealogy. Panoramic plus.

OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE. *By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribners.* $2.95. Place is Washington, year is 1953, and Senator Fagan is calling the shots as General Jarvis (USA Ret.) goes to live with Congressman son Jimmie; then there's a murder; poetical butler present. Jolly and jouncy.

WHERE THERE ARE VULTURES. *By Anthony Heckstall-Smith. Roy.* $2.75. English novelist, sole survivor of French plane crash, gets in jam on Riviera while playing do-gooder; corpses develop; Texas-hating Texan present. Amiable and moderately noisy.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Books for Young People

THOUGH the Newbery and Caldecott medals are the outstanding annual awards in the field of children's books (*SR* April 18, 1959), there are a number of other awards given for special purposes and by various groups during the year that are of interest. Too many awards may tend to reduce the significance of all commendations, but this type of recognition given to books distinguished in style, illustration, and content is a factor in the production of the increasing number of fine books now being created for children. Some awards announced for this year are:

The New York Herald-Tribune Spring awards were made to "Sia Lives on Kilimanjaro," with text by Astrid Lindgren and photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick (Macmillan) for the picture book age; to "The Long Nosed Princess," by Priscilla C. Hallowell with illustrations by Rita Fava (Viking) for the middle-age children; and to "An Edge of the Forest," by Agnes Smith with decorations by Roberta Moynihan (Viking) for the older boys and girls.

The Child Study Association of America gave its award this year to Lorenz B. Graham for his "South Town" (Follett).

The Catholic Library Association has established the Regina Medal to recognize a lifetime contribution to children's books. The first recipient of this medal was Eleanor Farjeon.

The Boys' Club of America gave its Junior Book Award medals to: "The Golden Impala," by Pamela Ropner (Criterion), "Avalanche!," by A. Rutgers van der Loeff (Morrow), "All Aboard," by Mary Britton Miller (Pantheon), "The Adventure of Light," by Frank Jupo (Prentice-Hall), "Digging Into Yesterday," by Estelle Friedman (Putnam), and "Simba of the White Mane," by Jocelyn Arundel (Whittlesey). A special Certificate of Award was given to "The Hollow," by Thomas Liggett (Holiday House).

The Carnegie Medal, the English equivalent of our Newbery Medal, was presented to Ann Philippa Pearce for "Tom's Midnight Garden," which will be published here this fall by Lippincott.

The William Allen White award went to Fred Gipson for "Old Yeller," with drawings by Carl Burger (Harper).

The Pacific Northwest Library Association announced that its Young Readers' Choice award was given to William Corbin for "The Golden Mare," illustrated by Pers Crowell (Coward-McCann).

The Thomas Alva Edison Foundation awards went to Elizabeth K. Cooper for "Science in Your Own Back Yard" (Harcourt) and to Glenn Theodore Seaborg and Evan G. Valens for their "Elements of the Universe" (Dutton) for science books; to Jean Gould for "That Dunbar Boy" (Dodd, Mead) for a book that showed character development; and to Harold Coy for "The Americans" (Little, Brown) for a book displaying America's past. The Foundation gave a special citation to Nancy Larrick for her book, "A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading" (Doubleday and Pocket Books).

Reviewers for this issue: Julia Jussim Brody, Bronx Borough children's specialist, The New York Public Library; Marjorie Halderman, supervisor, Public School Libraries and Librarian, High School, Astoria, Ore.; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, children's literature specialist, The New York Public Library; Norma Rathbun, co-ordinator, Work with Youth, Milwaukee, Wis., Public Library; and Sara H. Wheeler, School of Librarianship, University of Washington.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Co-ordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

—*From "Indians."*

LET IT RAIN! *By Dorothy Koch. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Holiday House.* $2.95. Billy and his little sister love days when the rain falls and splashes to the ground. They watch butterflies out the window, they paint, they make doll beds, they blow bubbles, and they amuse themselves in many more ways. The rainy day's adventures are told in a child's language, easily understood by the child who is being read to, and the youngster who is just learning to read will be able to follow the words and read some on his own.

The drawings in this attractive little book are alive and vividly colored.

—MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

A LITTLE DONKEY: *UN PETIT ÂNE.* *By Matias. Walck.* $1.75. Parallel texts in simple English and French tell of a little donkey named Angel, who wanted to be so many other things—a lion with a mane, a cock with a beautiful tail, a giraffe with a long neck, a bird with wings—but he was only a donkey who had wonderful ears and could eat hay.

The humor of this little story is caught by the drawings in flat, bright colors. —F. L. S.

TOMÁS GOES TRADING. *By Heluiz Washburne. Illustrated by Jean Macdonald Porter. John Day.* $2.75. This story of an eventful trading trip taken by a small Mexican boy with his father is delightfully and humorously told. Tomás, nearly twelve years old, is determined to buy his mother a secondhand sewing machine so that she can make the blouses that she sells at the weekly market more quickly. But 120 pesos is a great deal for a little boy to earn. How he wheedled his father into letting him go along on the trading trip and how he earned his money will amuse the reader from eight to twelve years. —M. H.

CONTEST AT PACA. *Written and illustrated by Marc Simont. Harper.* $2. To settle a feud between the soldiers and students, each trying to prove their superiority, the Mayor of Paca arranged a contest, the eating of stew with four-foot spoons held by their wooden handles. The soldiers lose, consoled with the promise of another chance next year, but the students devour much of the stew because they fed each other.

Sharply drawn, humorous drawings add to the delightful satire of the book which, if one pleases, has a pertinent message for today's world.

In this delightful story for every age, the author recalls an old tale told in Barcelona of the hungry student who must live by his wits.

—NORMA RATHBUN.

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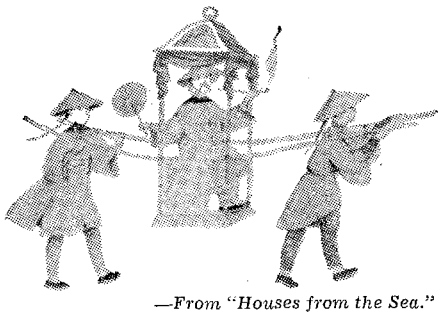


—From "Houses from the Sea."

ANDY JACKSON'S WATER WELL. *By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Michael Ramus. Harcourt.* $2.75. This delightfully humorous story of Andy Jackson, the redheaded, quick-tempered frontier lawyer, who helped out the people around Nashville during a bad drought, is a companion piece to Mr. Steeles's "Davy Crockett's Earthquake" and "Daniel Boone's Echo." Lawing being a little slow at the time, Andy was free to go East with his companion, Chief Eight Shillings Six Pence Ticklepitcher, to purchase a well that would save the crops. How they finally got back to Nashville with the water is related in the traditional tongue-in-cheek style of the tall tale. The black-and-white line drawings which illustrate the book are as full of humor as the exaggerated language of the text.

—F. L. S.

DAVID AND THE MOUNTAIN. *By Christine Price. Longmans.* $2.75. David of Curnffynnon Farm knew that Fly, his dog, would make a good shepherd, but both boy and dog must prove themselves in the distant mountain. Much of the book's charm and strength lies in the mutual understanding of their environment by both dog and boy.

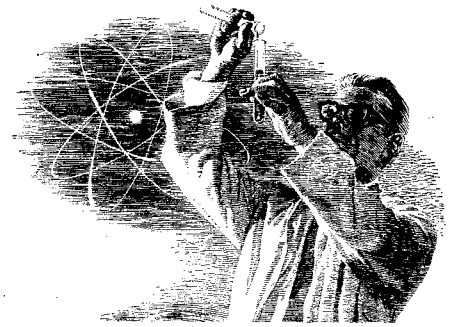
This quiet, beautifully written story is rich in the details of Welsh life. —N. R.

RANJIT OF THE CIRCUS RING. *By Anne Freeling. Illustrated by Pat Marriott. Roy.* $3. The world of a small English circus is vividly described in this sensitive story about a young Hindu boy and his human and animal friends. Ranjit's father is proud to be called an animal man. He owns Ranee, a gentle and intelligent elephant, Big Sonny, an aging orangutan whose temper has grown too uncertain for him to appear in the ring, and Ranjit's own darling Lotus, a young chimpanzee. The writing is lively, the characterization is very good, and the story has pace and even—as when Ranjit allows himself to become Big Sonny's captive—excitement. The only noncircus character in the book is the Franciscan, whose role as a follower of St. Francis fits logically into a story in which the trainers have so close an understanding and love of their animals. The author understands how to write for children. The only fault in the book is the baby talk used by the little girl Sefa and an occasional lapse into English slang. The format is pleasing and the line drawings perfectly interpret the text.

—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

HOUSES FROM THE SEA. *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners.* $2.95. This beautiful book about sea shells will delight children and adults alike. The author and the illustrator have combined their talents to produce a small volume distinguished by the poetic quality of the text and the gracefully delicate pastel drawings. The brief story describes a brother and sister's day of adventure at the beach, and their discovery of the loveliness that lies within the shells and other sea life cast upon the shore by the restless ocean.

The book has an illustrated, strongly reinforced cloth cover that may be easily cleaned. —M. H.



—From "The Romance of Chemistry."

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY. *By Keith Gordon Irwin. Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking.* $3.75. This is the fascinating story of chemistry which takes the reader from the days when early man's curiosity about natural chemical changes stimulated fumbling experimentation on to today's elaborately equipped laboratories with skilled technicians. The story lingers at each milestone in time when a major contribution to chemical study was made, and offers a glimpse into the personal lives and thinking of the men who through the ages have brought chemistry step by step to the nuclear age.

Anthony Ravielli's drawings add further distinction to this well-written and entirely absorbing history of chemistry for older children.

—Julia Jussim Brody.

INDIANS. *Written and illustrated by Edwin Tunis. World.* $4.95. A storehouse of Indian lore, customs, and tribal life is this latest book by a

—From "Andy Jackson's Water Well."

distinguished author. Those who know Mr. Tunis's earlier books, such as "Wheels, Weapons, and Colonial Living," will find this new study of Indian life before the white man to be equally accurate, factual, and profusely illustrated. The author concentrates upon the day-to-day living of the early Indian and he admirably achieves his purpose of presenting him, not as a savage, but as a fellow human being.

"Indians" should be in all libraries which serve children and it would be a valuable addition to the home library. —M. H.

EXPLORING CAVES. *By Polly Longsworth. Illustrated by Gustav Schrotter. Crowell.* $2.95. This fascinating survey takes the young reader on explorations by well-known spelunkers (cave adventurers) and speleologists (scientific cave explorers). It encourages him to discover caves for himself, armed with knowledge of safety rules: cavers go in threes (at least), carry three sources of light, and preserve natural wonders for the enjoyment and study of others. Effective line drawings amplify ways in which various kinds of caves and their interiors are formed and the relationships of cave exploration to other pursuits. The author leads the explorer beyond mere adventure to awareness of the rich fields of anthropology and archaeology. A full glossary of terms and index add to the volume's usefulness.

—Sara H. Wheeler.

—From "A Little Donkey."

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Gypsy

Continued from page 12

the Aisawa. When the Aisawa processions went down the street with the great drums beating, she must stop whatever she was doing and follow. She agreed, and true to his word, the holy man cured her quickly. A few weeks later she was doing some ironing for an English lady when the Aisawa drums passed down the road. She ran out of the house, leaving the hot iron on the clothes, and was away two days.

THIS unexpected revelation by Zahoura was a serious matter that threatened not only to be very destructive of my precious American shirts and the peace of mind I needed for the novel on which I was working, but was a menace to Zahoura as well. I knew that because of the sect's strange diet and weird ceremonies the life expectancy of a member of the Aisawa is very short. I decided that Zahoura must leave the Aisawa. It is a reckless man who would normally tamper with a native's religion. But here I felt even devout Mohammedans would have agreed. We would save Zahoura from herself.

I planned my campaign carefully. Zahoura had always been puzzled when she saw me at the typewriter, and each time asked me what I was doing. When I told her I was a writer, a storyteller, she would become more bewildered than ever. To her a storyteller was a bearded figure who told his tales all day in the market place, and if he was lucky gathered a few scant pennies for his supper. While I had an expensive apartment and was paying Zahoura twice a cook's usual salary.

I sat down at my typewriter the morning after we had made our decision, knowing that it would provoke Zahoura's usual question.

"I have been deceiving you, Zahoura," I answered. "Today I will let you know the truth. I am not a writer as I told you. I am a marabou, a holy man. America is a great land, with many marabous. I am one of the three greatest in my country. Your marabou of the Aisawa, all the marabous in Morocco are nothing. I could destroy them all with a snap of my fingers, just as I crush a scorpion with my shoe."

The preparation thus begun continued daily. One morning I would describe the microscope, telling Zahoura how with it I could take a drop of her blood and see it filled with little serpents. The microscope was a magic machine I had invented; the little serpents it exposed were at my instant command. The next morning I would describe the X-ray, another of my important inventions, with which I could look through her body just as she looked through a glass window. Few mechanical developments of today escaped me. I outdid the Russians in scientific discovery.

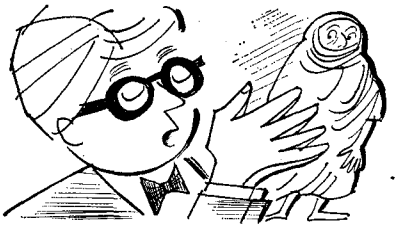
Several weeks passed and Zahoura arrived to find our apartment darkened as though for a funeral.

She looked at me in fright and asked what it meant. With great solemnity I told her that I had decided the marabou of the Aisawa was an evil marabou, and that I had arranged powerful spells so that she would leave the Aisawa today.

With a handkerchief I bound her eyes, then with my finger made a series of cabalistic marks on her forehead, just as in another part of Africa I had seen a witch doctor perform his mysterious rituals. Murmuring to myself, I removed the blindfold, and breaking off three strands of hair from her head, lit a candle, and dipping the strands into the melted tallow, rolled them into a wax ball. My wife had meanwhile sewn a tiny red silk envelope. I slipped the waxy charm inside and hung it around Zahoura's neck.

"From this moment on you are no longer a member of the Aisawa," I told her gravely. "You will not obey the Arab holy man. When the Aisawa drums go down the street you will not follow."

Several weeks later a great Aisawa procession neared our apartment with the drums booming like thunder. Za-



houra sat in the window watching, and we sat watching Zahoura.

She trembled a little, then sat like a statue until the procession passed. The booming of the drums died in the distance. She arose and smiled at us, then went about her work, singing happily. My shirts and my novel and Zahoura's life were safe. The great American marabou had won.

There are certain regions where the vagabond writer must struggle hard to find fresh impressions and sources for his pen; there are other areas like North Africa where he is under a constant bombardment of new sensations. Something is happening every minute. For life outside of the cities has changed little in the Arab countries bordering the Mediterranean. When we stopped in some far-off desert settlement and each day passed it was as though we were turning a new page of the Bible. With groaning camels and the chanting beggars always about us, visible in the market place, I would not have been too surprised if I had seen Jesus coming down the road followed by all His disciples.

I realized how near we were to Biblical times one day when we were living in a little Algerian oasis called Bou-Saa-Daa, at the northern edge of the Sahara.

I was walking in the desert with Haroun, our servant, and he had been telling me of some local happenings, a plague of locusts that had descended on the fields near Ghardaia, and the capture of a bandit from Bou-Saa-Daa who had attacked a caravan and robbed the merchants of all their money. And then he began to tell me of a shepherd in the desert nearby who was the father of a large family of boys. It seems this shepherd had a favorite among his sons, and the others grew offended at the father's partiality. The father, unheeding, gave the cherished one a coat decorated with embroidery of many colors. The neglected sons grew angry and plotted against the favorite.

Haroun continued his narrative with the usual Arab vividness. And suddenly I realized he was telling me the story of Joseph and his brethren, just as if it had happened the day before.

It was always fascinating to see how legends developed in these Arab lands, how a hole resembling a footprint in a rock near Bou-Saa-Daa had been made when the great prophet Sidi Abd-El-Kadir stamped his foot in anger because an Arab would not properly say his prayers; how the Arab who lived next door to us became rich when he married the daughter of a Jinn, who each morning before her husband awoke put a thousand francs under his pillow.

To my great delight I found after our residence there that I had become a legend myself. I had gone to Bou-Saa-Daa with my wife to write my first novel. The funds the publisher had advanced me were pitifully small. If I watched every penny with the eye of an eagle I could just manage to finish the book. If I miscalculated even a few dollars the result would be fatal. By good luck, however, life in Bou-Saa-Daa was astonishingly cheap. I rented the biggest house in the oasis, found it too noisy and rented another, and then for the

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same reason rented a third, a procedure the natives found somewhat unusual. In my innocence I had signed Arab leases for each house, and so was compelled to keep all three.

I managed, however, to survive this mistake. The total rent of our three establishments was $27 a month.

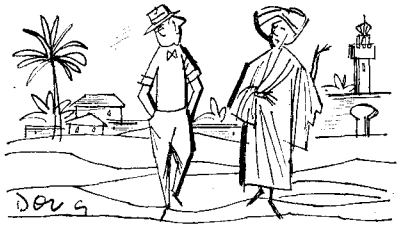
Twenty years later, when the Second World War had ended, I happened to meet an old newspaper friend, just returned from an overseas assignment.

"I came on your trail in North Africa," he told me.

I was surprised and asked for details.

"I was stabbed by a Vichyite in Casablanca," he related. "They sent me to an American rest camp at a little oasis called Bou-Saa-Daa. I hadn't been there many days when I heard about a crazy American writer that had lived there with his wife a long time ago. I tracked the story down and found that the writer was you. An old Arab shopkeeper was talking about it one day when I was buying souvenirs.

"'Ah, this Monsieur Burman and his wife were mad, Monsieur, quite mad,' the Arab said. 'The way they spent money, Monsieur. Three houses they had, the three largest houses in the oasis. And oranges, Monsieur. The way they ate oranges. All day their servants did nothing but go



to the market to buy oranges. But it was natural they should spend money so. This Monsieur Burman was very rich. This Monsieur Burman was enormously rich. You see he owned diamond mines in America'."

I have been writing in one place three months and I feel the wandering fever coming over me. My friends are urging me to take a house that can be bought at a great bargain in Connecticut. But I keep thinking of a beautiful gypsy caravan I saw for sale last time we were in England, gilded like Cinderella's coach and drawn by two white horses.

After all, I try to be practical. And many people tell me today that real estate is a very unsafe investment.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 8, 7, 1, 10, 2, 4, 6, 9, 3, 11, 12. Column Three should read: 4, 12, 11, 7, 10, 9, 8, 2, 6, 3, 5, 1.

Heroic Man

Continued from page 11

through the passion and the agony in order to pursue his search to the end, to the final perception, the moment when he came to terms with fate. We must note again that fate (or the moral law) had always shown itself inscrutably, that an essential injustice or futility would continue to dog the steps of men. "Call no man fortunate that is not dead," the Chorus concludes; but Oedipus, entirely aware, had claimed the right to challenge, to perceive, to accept responsibility for what he knew he could not have controlled. Because he did so consciously, because he had dignity even at the end, he won a victory for man. It was the kind of victory, perhaps the only kind, that can speak to us today.

Such proud, deliberate self-affirmation seems to me to be the core of the tragic insight; and, if it is, it can speak to us and be relevant to our need because our problem, too, is to define ourselves against a neutral, often hostile sky. Conscious of the determinisms around us—social, economic, psychological, physical—we need to discover a way of affirming our powers if we are to recapture our faith in the worth of man. It is this that a number of our greatest writers are expressing, and we ought to turn and heed them. They offer us new hope, and they offer it tragically.

This does not mean that Joyce, Hemingway, Mann, and the others have written tragedies in the traditional sense. The tragic insight, as defined above, may be embodied even in "comic" works, in realistic transcriptions, in fanciful prose. James Joyce, for example, has never been described as a tragic author; but his writing, to me, incorporates much of what I have spoken of and, in fact, does much to chart the way towards a modern conception of human worth.

This is so despite the feeling on the part of numerous critics that Joyce's work provides evidence of disintegration rather than renewal. In "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," Joyce's hero, Stephen Dedalus, does break with the "sentries of his past." He does concern himself with the materials of his inner life, rather than with the "public truth." It is true that Joyce questioned the common preconceptions of his group, that he aroused his readers to wonder whether values *could* exist objectively.

But what seems to me to be more important is that this early Joycean novel stressed the necessity of the individual's detaching himself from his environment in order to conceive the forces that made him what he was. Stephen Dedalus, if he was to "recreate the conscience of his race," had to withdraw, to gain perspective, to conceive himself as a man. His recognition of the *possibility* of freedom, of self-awareness, was the significant thing. It must be contrasted to the fate of Zola's and Dreiser's characters to be appreciated. Joyce, speaking through Stephen Dedalus, was endeavoring to overcome the determinisms in his life, or, perhaps, the helpless sense of unknowable forces working on him. He was trying to suggest a way of dealing with them. When he talked of the artist forging a new order in the wilderness, he was reaching for a means of reconceiving the human being in his confrontation of forces greater than himself. We must recognize particularly that these forces were seen to function in a cosmos ruled by an indifferent god, a god who simply looked on at life—and went on paring his nails.

In "Ulysses," Joyce went further. His concern was no longer for the artist alone, but for the gross, generic human being, Leopold Bloom, a book salesman, who made it possible for Stephen Dedalus to join the "common" life of the race. Bloom, yearning after a vast nobility, became, in a sense, the modern tragic hero. Not exceptional, not a king of Ireland or of Thebes, he was simply Man, endeavoring to transcend himself in the modern age. Moreover, he was Man made aware of the underlying mystery in the universe, for he and Stephen both came to see that none of the scientific disciplines available to man could solve the fundamental riddle in life, the riddle embodied in the mystery of Molly, the forever unknowable vital principle represented by Molly Bloom. She was mystery and indeterminacy both; Bloom, going home to her, rediscovered his worth as man.

Other writers, some contemporary with Joyce, expressed kindred concerns. There was Scott Fitzgerald, whose "The Great Gatsby" told of another man with an ideal image of himself who pursued his dream, the American dream of "raw, meretricious beauty" until his fatal end.

There was Ernest Hemingway, even as he saw the collapse of a moral order, conceiving man against the sky. He has looked upon elemental things, human beings exposed to vast, dark forces, bulls and war and jungle animals and mighty fish, and death. He has written of those forces as they work in the world, the powers that break everyone, the very good

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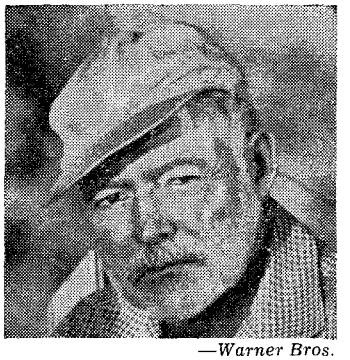
—*Izis.*

Albert Camus—His "rebel" feels implicated with man everywhere.



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Ernest Hemingway—Showed man standing up to darkness.

and the very brave alike. And he has shown man standing up to darkness, trying to learn how to live in it, which is all, at last, he can do. "All the best ones, when you thought it over, were gay. It was much better to be gay, and it was a sign of something too. It was like having immortality while you were still alive." This gaiety may well be read as pride; clearly, Hemingway's was an affirmation of the gallantry, the spirit, the dignity potential in us all.

Thomas Mann chose another way of asserting it, but he also affirmed man's hope in the modern world. In "The Magic Mountain," for instance, Hans Castorp, the simple, "delicate child of life," grew to maturity through an acceptance of the risks and responsibilities of existence. Like the tragic heroes, he had to move through a knowledge of death to life. He had to explore the darkness for the sake of knowing light; he had to master the great contradictions—mind against body, spirit against flesh, democracy against tyranny—in order to achieve integration. Hans Castorp's climactic dream of the blood sacrifice in the midst of sunlit peace was a tragic dream; interestingly enough, it was a dream of Greece—a vision of the darkness with which man, if he is to be dignified, must come to terms. Hans became human at the end because he could perceive the tragedy, the contradictions in the world, and because, despite that, he could accept a fatal responsibility and attain the kind of communion with his fellow men that would lead him to his death.

"What I have done no animal could do," spoke Guillaumet in Antoine de St. Exupery's "Wind, Sand, and Stars," after surviving an unimaginable ordeal in the Andes snow; perhaps that is the main point. No animal can measure himself against the obstacles man sets before himself; no animal can conceive the release of a "sleeping prince" that comes in moments of self-transcendence. Only man can recognize the precariousness of his life, the indifference of his world—his limits and his scope. And this, it seems to me, is what our writers are saying, even those like Jean-Paul Sartre in works like "Nausea." That novel was a perception of the meaninglessness, the absurdity of modern existence; but it was also a recognition that man, only man, can create values, impart meaning, make order out of chaos. Doing so, even "uselessly," he rebels against nothingness. And *this* no animal can do, for the very conception of "nada" is a human creation.

THE movement from the blank apprehension of meaninglessness has been characteristic of our time. The first awareness of it was, most likely, a symptom of the loss of the Enlightenment faith—of the idea that the universe itself was rational and just. Men had to move through the darkness of that loss; and, as we have seen, some of their spokesmen, the artists, found a way of coping with the loss—the tragic way of daring to stand up to the uncaring sky.

Albert Camus describes the one who stands as a "rebel," and his novels recount the movement from apathy to the rebel's stance. In his early book, "The Stranger," he described the alienated individual, a stranger to all the values of the society in which he lived. His Meursault, although he did not realize it until the end, conceived the universe as indifferent, often hostile, devoid of meaning. He was, without knowing it, the "absurd" individual, unable to see the purposes of life and, at once, compelled to seek them. The only solution he found was in a final moment of rebellion, an insistence on dying unreconciled under a sky as indifferent as he.

But Camus went further. In his later works, he defined an ethical system deriving from the notion of rebellion. In "The Plague," Dr. Rieux came to see that men of good will revolt for something common in all men, and that, in doing so, they take responsibility for their own lives. "What interests me is to live and die for what one loves." Was he really so different from Oedipus? The Greek king, too, revolted because his people were attacked by a plague. Camus's rebel, for me, is a kind of tragic hero, a distinctly modern hero. He recognizes that the universe does not care for man and is not bound by man's standards of justice and propriety. He knows that he will always, stubbornly reach for answers he cannot conceivably attain. He knows he is doomed, because eventually he will die. For all that, however, he feels "implicated" with all men everywhere; his dignity demands that he commit himself to the cause of decency, of human happiness, that he rebel. *Needing* to rebel, to challenge, he defines his preference, his major value. He chooses consciously to believe in himself and, therefore, in the man's worth.

So we see human beings confronting the unknowable, the irrational once more, as they did in the days of the Greeks. In our time, all men have the capacity to be exceptional and heroic, to stand up and rebel. In an increasing number of modern novels, people of all kinds are pictured against an inscrutable sky in a universe which at least allows for centers of personal indeterminacy, which allows for gaiety, rebellion, and pride. There is Arthur Winner, the middle-class lawyer in Cozzens's "By Love Possessed," who finally sees that "victory is in making do with uncertainties, in supporting mysteries." There is little Rufus standing before his father's coffin in "Death in the Family" by James Agee. "Rufus had never seen him so indifferent," but, in his self-completeness, in his indifference, he gave the child a feeling of "perfected beauty." There is Hemingway's Santiago in "The Old Man and the Sea," wondering why he killed the big fish and telling himself, "You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman." There is Boris Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago resisting the inhuman abstraction, insisting on the seriousness of life itself, on the importance of the living, private man—and hoping "that the secret stream of sorrow / may impart some warmth to the chill of being." This is the sorrow we have been talking of, the dark perception which gives rise to the sense of human worth.

If we listen, then, to our writers, our value-makers, we will not need to lament. Doomed we may feel, by blind chance or divinity; but we, like other human beings, can rebel against the paradox and mystery. We can affirm ourselves by making the tragic gesture. Affirming, we can justify our sense of worth and restore the heroism lost to the world.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1326

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wasteful.	153 161 86 144 77 51 24 108 45 165
B. Laced ankle boot (comp.).	126 12 94 124 60 179 20
C. Great American painter who flunked out of West Point, 1854.	121 76 9 178 46 89 162 114
D. Strike outward with the fist (2 wds.).	41 74 167 140 85 135
E. An article; a detail.	21 75 25 138
F. To a regrettably excessive degree (comp.).	66 150 113 40 44 48
G. *Enfant terrible* of the Hotel Plaza, fortunately fictional (Kay Thompson's creation).	137 15 159 156 177 67
H. Pertaining to the soul or inmost essence.	29 62 16 98 134 125 92 80
I. Took a running leap over.	136 54 130 184 4 103 68
J. Circular or eternal.	39 102 10 149 2 88 100
K. Farley Mowat's boyhood pets named Wol and Weeps.	18 34 23 152
L. Amer. statesman, "Father of the 20th Amendment" (1861-1944).	70 96 50 65 90 7
M. Intimate; sociable (colloq.).	47 154 151 131 186 17
N. Opposite direction from that of the course of Empire.	61 26 55 84 181 31 163 111
O. "Strong man whose foot is dreaded" (quoted from my own SERIES 27).	37 160 168 79 112 101 127
P. Highest "Pic" of the eastern Pyrenees.	93 185 78 22 141 56
Q. French artist, famous for caricatures (1808-79).	175 73 99 1 164 87 143
R. Russian court jeweler (1846-1920).	180 166 107 63 81 118 176
S. Spontaneous; voluntary.	116 35 123 3 173 13 155 53 110 183
T. Source of our fresh vegetables (2 wds.).	32 109 49 147 142 72 132 27 158
U. Fairy in "Amadis de Gaul," enchantress in later Spanish romances.	148 106 59 119 28 71 83
V. French composer of extremely popular works, many with Spanish atmosphere (1875-1937).	120 69 91 52 139
W. Ocellate.	42 95 171 117 146 11 105
X. Enclosure to trap wild elephants.	133 82 14 145 64 30
Y. Exciting odium, ill will, envy.	182 6 104 122 174 57 129 19 36
Z. Dealing with coins or money.	170 97 43 128 8 157 5
Z¹. Control.	172 33 115 169 38 58

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 Q	2 J	3 S	4 I	5 Z	6 Y		7 L	8 Z	9 C
10 J		11 W	12 B	13 S	14 X	15 G	16 H		17 M	18 K	19 Y		20 B	21 E	22 P	23 K
	24 A	25 E	26 N	27 T	28 U		29 H	30 X	31 N	32 T		33 Z¹	34 K	35 S	36 Y	
37 O	38 Z¹	39 J		40 F	41 D	42 W		43 Z	44 F	45 A	46 C		47 M	48 F	49 T	50 L
51 A	52 V	53 S	54 I	55 N		56 P	57 Y	58 Z¹	59 U	60 B	61 N		62 H	63 R	64 X	65 L
66 F	67 G	68 I		69 V	70 L	71 U		72 T	73 Q	74 D	75 E	76 C	77 A	78 P	79 O	
80 H	81 R	82 X	83 U	84 N	85 D	86 A	87 Q	88 J		89 C	90 L	91 V	92 H	93 P	94 B	
95 W	96 L	97 Z		98 H	99 Q	100 J	101 O		102 J	103 I	104 Y	105 W	106 U		107 R	108 A
	109 T	110 S	111 N	112 O		113 F	114 C		115 Z¹	116 S	117 W	118 R	119 U	120 V		121 C
122 Y	123 S	124 B		125 H	126 B	127 O	128 Z		129 Y	130 I		131 M	132 T	133 X	134 H	
135 D	136 I	137 G	138 E		139 V	140 D	141 P	142 T		143 Q	144 A	145 X	146 W	147 T	148 U	149 J
150 F	151 M	152 K		153 A	154 M	155 S	156 G	157 Z		158 T	159 G	160 O	161 A	162 C	163 N	
164 Q	165 A		166 R	167 D	168 O	169 Z¹	170 Z	171 W		172 Z¹	173 S	174 Y	175 Q	176 R	177 G	178 C
	179 B	180 R		181 N	182 Y	183 S	184 I	185 P	186 M							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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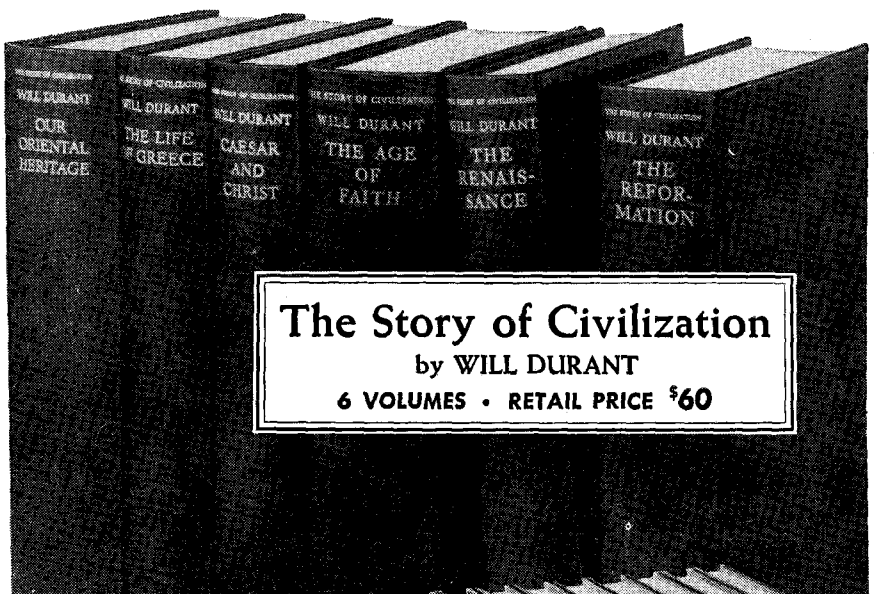

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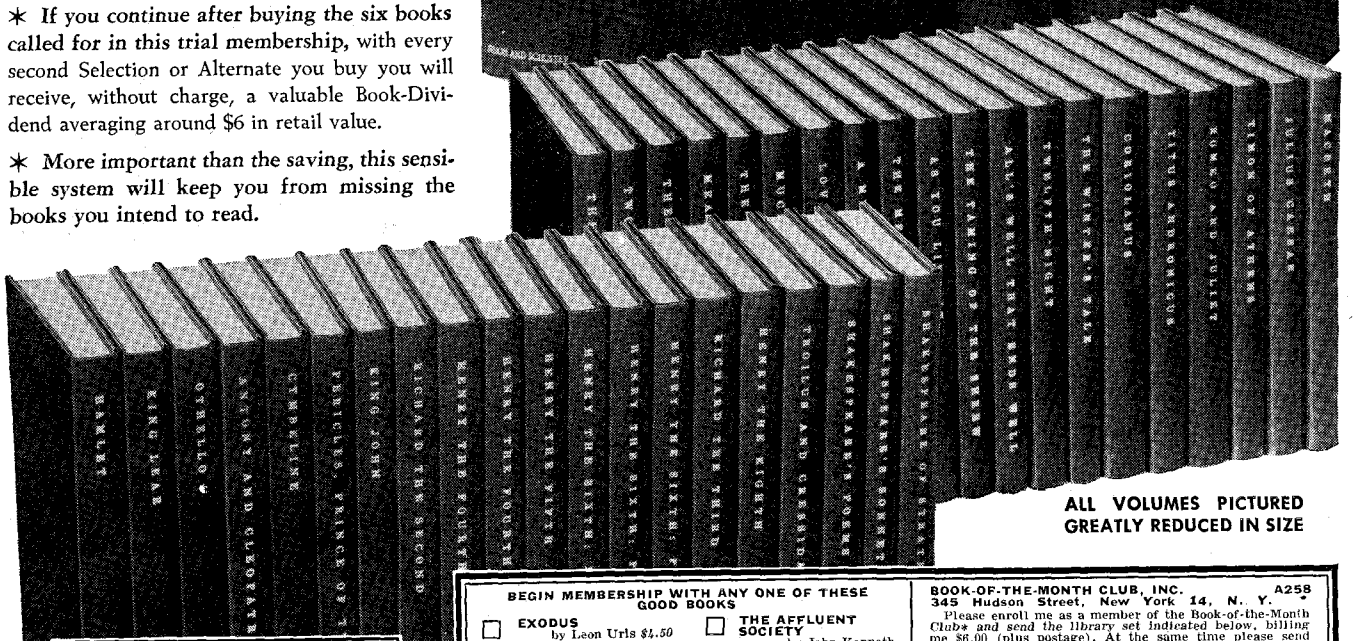

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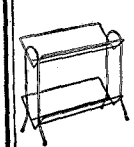

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